The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1927 NUMBER 658

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The Week

THE Geneva conference on naval armament goes from one crisis to another. That is the nature of conferences, and the fact of disagreement usually need not be taken so seriously as the excited headlines in the American daily press would suggest. Agreement has been reached not to reopen the question of capital ships, settled at the Washington conference and never intended to be part of the agenda at the present one. Agreement on destroyers and submarines will not be unduly difficult. As to cruisers, which are the most important subject before the conference, progress has been made. Great Britain has conceded the right of the United States to absolute parity with herself, established in the Washington treaty. The United States wants more 10,000-ton cruisers than does Great Britain, which, with her world-wide system of naval bases, can operate 7,500-ton ships to advantage. There is also a wide difference as to total cruiser tonnage, Great Britain desiring a much larger tonnage, perhaps twice as much, as the United States believes proper. This demand may be for bargaining purposes only; certainly the two arguments put forward at Geneva on its behalf—that the dominions want it, and that it is necessary to protect Britain's food supply—will not bear examination. The United States has not much to offer in return for a reduction in tonnage; but the British taxpayer has a voice, and continuing good relations between the two greatest powers are not unimportant. We can see no reason why an agreement should not be reached. What that agreement is likely to be worth is discussed in another column.

FOR drama, few episodes in history can equal the closing hours of the transatlantic flight by Commander Byrd and his companions. As they flew in the inky dark, amid a downpour of rain, their compass out of order, their fuel and oil nearing the end, exhausted by the terrible ordeal already behind them, their chance of coming through alive was indeed no better than the one in two hundred which they themselves estimated. Only great good luck as well as great skill brought them out alive. The trans-oceanic flights to Europe and the Hawaiian hop probably did not have much scientific value in the strict sense; but they have at least served to show how far away is any commercial operation of the same sort. An aerial trip of this length, over water, is still to be placarded: "For heroes only."

NEWS from China concerns chiefly the advance of Chiang Kai-shek, in coöperation with Feng Yu-hsiang, into Shantung and toward Peking. The situation as respects the Hankow and Nanking governments remains obscure. The present well informed and careful correspondent of the New York Times warns against accepting in full faith prophecies of the early fall of the Chen-Borodin regime at Hankow. Feng Yu-hsiang, indeed, has ordered the dismissal of the Communists and the limitation of the power of the trade-unions, but this may in fact be in harmony with the plans of Borodin, who, it is thought, believes in proceeding far more conservatively than Moscow. At all events, Chiang Kai-shek is not allowing himself to be diverted from his for-

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ward movement to please the foreign interests which hoped to see him turn his arms against Hankow. Indeed, the Chinese find a certain advantage in having two, not to say three, centers of responsibility. Dr. Wu, Foreign Minister at Nanking, pointed out that, although his government is taking the lead in negotiating a settlement of the claims arising out of the anti-foreign outbreak at that city in March, it is to the Hankow government that the notes of the aggrieved powers were addressed. Foreign interests in China will be disappointed in the report made to President Coolidge by Senator Hiram Bingham—that hard-boiled son of missionaries. He advises Mr. Coolidge to recognize the revolutionary movement in China, to denounce the unequal treaties, and to accept the proposition that China can be ruled only by the Chinese.

MEXICO, like the United States, has a presidential election next year, and is already in the throes of the preliminary campaign. Former President Obregon has announced his candidacy, and seems likely to be opposed by General Francisco Serrano or by General Arnulfo Gomez. These gentlemen are running on similar platforms, of which the chief plank is opposition to Obregon, and it is not unlikely that one of them may withdraw in favor of the other as the campaign progresses. The Mexican law formerly forbade any president to serve two terms. Not long ago, and presumably for Obregon's benefit, it was modified to permit two terms, if they are not consecutive. Serrano and Gomez are making much of the "no-reëlection" issue. They are, in fact (and Gomez in particular), the candidates of Catholicism and reaction. Gomez, if elected, will emasculate the labor code, yield to the United States on the land and oil laws, and restore the Catholic Church to its preëminent position. Obregon, on the other hand, would be Calles' heir, as Calles was his, and would continue most of the existing policies. He will have the support of the peasants and of a large part of organized labor and the army. Competent observers believe that, if there is no outside interference, Obregon will win. If the Washington government, or the American oil men, or Catholics from north of the Rio Grande, or all three, should meddle, it is impossible to predict the outcome.

THE New Republic, which does not always agree with President Coolidge, rejoices to find itself for once in whole-hearted accord with him. The President believes that the insular possessions of the United States should be removed from the care of the various departments which now administer them, including the War and Navy Departments, and centered in the control of a Civil Colonial Bureau, probably in the Interior Department. This is a desirable change, and one which is long overdue. The officers of the Army and Navy, whatever other admirable qualities they may possess, are not conspicuous for their tact and wisdom as administrators of alien people whom they regard as inferior, and who, for the most part, regard themselves as suffering an unjustifiable subjection. There is also at present a huge waste in duplication of services among the several departments. The Filipinos are said to oppose the transfer, on the ground that it would tend to postpone the coming of complete independence; but their apprehension seems needless. Independence is some years away, at best; and when it finally draws near it will probably neither be facilitated nor hampered by the technical form of administration then in force.

TWO developments have been seen in the Sacco-Vanzetti case during the past week, neither of which is satisfactory to those who believe that these men have been the victims of injustice. Governor Fuller has given them a reprieve, as was, of course, imperatively necessary in order that he and his advisory committee should have time to study the case. The reprieve is, however, for only one month, until the week of August 10. Since the committee met for the first time on June 30, and since, as he himself points out, it must read 7,000 pages of testimony and interview 200 witnesses, it seems out of the question that its members can end their labors within a month's time. Therefore another reprieve will be necessary; and common humanity would suggest that it should have been granted at once, rather than at the last moment. Has Governor Fuller no imagination whatever, that he cannot picture the agony which is caused these men as they are thus needlessly kept on the brink of eternity?

THE other regrettable incident comes as the result of an interpretation of the law. For a long time Sacco and Vanzetti have been confined in Dedham Jail, which is an excellent institution, as prisons go. On July 1, shortly after midnight, they were secretly removed to the State Prison at Charlestown, which contains the "death house." This action was taken, it is explained, under the state law which says of a prisoner condemned to execution that "within ten days of the first day of the week appointed for the execution of the sentence of death he shall . . . be conveyed . . . to the state prison." The Attorney General argues that this means the date of execution originally set; the defense maintains that it should be interpreted as referring to the date fixed by the reprieve. However, the attorney for the two men was given no opportunity to argue this point. No one was notified of the removal until it had been accomplished. Sacco and Vanzetti must now remain in one of the worst, most archaic prisons in the United States, where they are permitted no exercise or recreation, until they are set free or are the victims of legal murder.

MRS. Carrie Chapman Catt is the woman in the United States from whom a rebuke to the silly and indiscriminate witch-burning of the so-called patrio-

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tic societies may most fittingly and effectively come. In her letter to the Daughters of the American Revolution, she brands the ineffable nonsense which emanates from that organization. Its latest publication, "The Common Enemy," finds that the societies which are working for world peace, such as the Women's International League, are linked with the Communists in "a World Revolutionary movement to destroy civilization and Christianity." Mrs. Catt points out with entire truth that the D. A. R. and like organizations have not brought forward a single proof that such a plot exists. Instead it has made mendacious and brutal attacks upon such good Americans as Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Florence Kelly, and Miss Rose Schneidermann, who, in a recent D. A. R. convention, was given the title of the Red Rose of Anarchy. Mrs. Catt finds the Daughters an interesting case of the atrophy of the qualities exhibited by the fathers to whom they owe their title. The attack to which they have been committed by their leaders is, she says, motivated by hatred of progress, and of those women who are working for it in order "that peace will supplant war, that children will be taken from factories and sent to schools, that mothers and babies will not die by preventable causes, and that this country may at least have as high a percent of literacy as Japan."

THE real harm sponsored by such organizations as the D. A. R. is brought into view by the campaign against two secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Last March the National Secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom spoke at that city under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., whereupon a gentleman "with military interests" protested, and the News Sentinel arraigned the secretaries, Miss Jones and Miss Ellis, for being members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The board of directors investigated the matter, found no incompatibility between membership in the Fellowship and service of a Christian organization, and invited Miss Jones and Miss Ellis to renew their contracts. When on Memorial Day the News-Sentinel renewed its attack, these ladies offered to release the Board from its promise. The Board accepted their resignation. No explanation was given, but it is understood that business interests opposed to the industrial program of the Y. W. C. A. dictated the decision. Almost immediately the Board asked Miss Jones and Miss Ellis to leave, without waiting for the completion of their present contracts. The News-Sentinel congratulated the Board on "setting the Y house in order," and explained that "service to humanity does not necessitate the sponsoring of radical speakers' appearance." Obviously, if the Y. W. C. A. is to be dominated by business, militarism and yellow journalism, Jesus Christ himself would not be allowed to appear under its auspices.

A WOMAN who applied for naturalization as an American citizen has been refused on interesting and unusual grounds. We quote from the New York Evening Post the objections made to her by Fred J. Schlotfeldt, naturalization director of the Chicago district where she applied:

> (1) Asked if she were willing to take up arms in the defense of the United States, she replied "not personally," and Mr. Schlotfeldt thinks she should show more enthusiasm. She added that she knew no country where women were required to fight.
>
> (2) In a radio lecture broadcast from New York she termed herself an atheist, and when questioned by authorities said that her religious beliefs were private affairs and did not affect her citizenship qualifications.
>
> (3) Federal officials say she should not have citizenship because "she has no nationalistic feeling," to which she retorts that her mere act of renouncing Hungarian citizenship and seeking to become an American refutes this objection.

Though Mr. Schlotfeldt did not say so, there is a fourth objection to this lady, which is the worst of all in the eyes of all super-heated patriots. She happens to be Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, who was guilty of the enormous crime of disliking the Great War while it was still in progress, and trying to stop it by means of the Ford peace ship. She is also suspected of another heinous sin: it is whispered that she is even opposed to the next war. Doubtless it is for that reason that, as the Evening Post informs us, "Colonel Lee Alexander Stone and a number of other military men have protested against Mme. Schwimmer's admission to citizenship, terming her a menace." Let us have no menaces!—Even if their exclusion involves the off-hand creation of a state religion and a doctrine of military service by women.

COLONEL Richard C. Patterson, Jr., who was once administrative officer of the American Peace Commission in France, now bobs up with a great idea. He has noted with pain and sorrow that his fellow citizens are not as patriotic as they should be; and he thinks this is because they do not hear enough of "The Star-Spangled Banner":

> The best way to make the country 100 percent American is to make every citizen's ears tingle with the glorious strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."
>
> Moving-picture and legitimate theaters must be compelled to play the anthem before, during and after all performances.

This proposal seems to us Simply Grand; but of course it does not go far enough. Who knows what dark seditious thoughts may not lurk in the brains of Americans in theaters during the intervals between the all-too-infrequent renditions of "The Star-Spangled Banner" which Colonel Patterson suggests? Is it not obvious that the only safe way is to have theatrical performances consist exclusively of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played and sung over and over? The advantages of such a plan are apparent. The citizenry will be too busy trying to reach the high notes to indulge in thoughts about

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Red Plots; it is better exercise to stand up and sing than to sit inertly watching plays or movies which can themselves be full of Subtle Bolshevism; the abolition of formal entertainment in the theater would save the managers a world of trouble and expense; and it would solve the censorship problem at a stroke. We count on Colonel Patterson's aid in putting into effect this extension of his idea.

AN interesting enterprise, which now seems to be at last on the road to successful completion, is the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences," which is being prepared under the editorship of Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia. It is to appear, we learn, a volume at a time, until within about a decade the whole work, comprising about 8,000,000 words, has been published. It will cover history, economics, political science, sociology, anthropology, psychology, biology, ethics, education, esthetics, religion and jurisprudence, and is supported by a group of the leading learned societies in these fields. There has long been a demand for one comprehensive work which would not only discuss these topics, but show their relationships. It is expected that this encyclopedia will set a landmark in the history of the social sciences.

Is This Naval Limitation?

THE diplomatic game carried on at Geneva, chiefly between the representatives of the United States and Great Britain, with Japan as a nearly silent participant, is difficult to assess in midcourse. But at this writing it appears that the effort to arrive at a formula considered acceptable by the negotiators will not, as a matter of fact, accomplish the purpose for which the conference was ostensibly called. At best it may provide a *modus vivendi* to be revised, if possible, at the expiration of the Washington agreement.

Let us recall the assumptions which originally underlay the effort to limit sea armament by agreement. It was assumed that a race of navy building among the victors of the War was unnecessary and terribly costly. The main problem was to arrive at a ratio of relative strength among the powers able to maintain large navies; that done, the total strength could be cut down to the advantage of all, since sea power is relative anyway. With the ratio fixed, ten ships would be as good as a hundred. The United States was in a peculiarly favorable position to bring about a reduction, because she possessed both the economic resources to outbuild all others, in case of no agreement, and a genuine desire to reduce fighting vessels to the lowest practicable point. The result was an agreement on the 5-5-3 ratio for battleships, coupled with a considerable reduction in their number and tonnage. The difficult problems connected with cruisers and submarines were left for future consideration.

The present conference was supposed to carry on the work to lighter craft. Much progress in the matter of submarines was made impossible at the start, by the refusal of France, their chief advocate, to participate. This threw into relief the cruiser question. But here a peculiarly troublesome situation existed. Though the usefulness of the battleship as an engine of war has come under serious question, the cruiser has maintained much of its former prestige. The cruiser is, in the absence of an overwhelming hostile battle fleet to check its depredations, an extremely effective instrument for the control of commerce on the high seas. During the late War, Great Britain herself broke precedents which had been supposed to protect the commerce of neutrals, and made it clear that a sufficient cruiser preponderance alone would enable any country to remain mistress of the seas, if not actually to undertake a major military offensive. And in spite of the ratio on battleships, Great Britain has in fact maintained her potential mastery of the seas by pushing cruiser building, while the United States, for reasons of economy, has withheld as extensive construction.

The purpose of President Coolidge in calling the Geneva conference must have been chiefly to limit cruiser building, and so to make it unnecessary for the United States to compete with Great Britain and Japan in this respect. Without such limitation, his or any other administration in this country would find it a hard task to oppose the big-navy forces. Japan, presumably, would also welcome real limitation, in view of her financial difficulties. This purpose, however, evidently caused the British government real embarrassment. It could hardly fail to come to some agreement, both because the United States could outbuild Britain if sufficiently aroused, and because opinion at home would be antagonized if the government assumed the responsibility for a costly naval competition. If an agreement were to be reached, anything less than a parity on the part of the United States would be inconceivable, in view of the economic resources of this country and the precedent of the 5-5-3 ratio on battleships. On the other hand, however, the British government was apparently reluctant to give up actual cruiser supremacy. Britain was now, for the first time, faced with a real possibility of having to relinquish her ability to police sea-borne commerce in time of war, even though the United States should be neutral or hostile.

These reflections are suggested by the tactics developed on the part of the British representatives at the conference. Their first suggestion, to revise the battleship agreement in a way which further reduced construction, but gave them an advantage for many years to come by incidentally denying the right of the United States to build the equal of their strongest ships, was too obvious a device to deceive the American representatives. It must have been intended to place the Americans in the position of

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rejecting a technical limitation on battleships, and so to develop a counter-offensive which might in some degree compensate for the tactical weakness of the British on the cruiser question. The British arguments that Great Britain really needed more cruiser strength than the United States were not, of course, expected to result in a yielding of the right to cruiser parity on the part of the United States. Great Britain's eventual admission of this equal right was a foregone conclusion, but it was brought about in a manner which the British delegates must have intended to look like a concession. Next came the figure suggested for the maximum cruiser strength—in the neighborhood of 600,000 tons. This, too, was evidently placed high for trading purposes, since Great Britain's present strength is not greatly more than 350,000 tons, and ours is still less.

What will be the result? At this writing, it is rumored that the American delegates are ready to raise their proposed cruiser maximum from 300,000 to 350,000, while the British are willing to come down to 460,000. A compromise is indicated at about 400,000.

If this is the outcome of the conference, it will in no essential way have changed the pre-existing situation. The British will be forced to scrap little or none of their existing tonnage. We shall be faced with the former alternative of either remaining inferior to Great Britain, or engaging in heavy expenses for new building. In the former case, the advocates of economy will have succeeded, not in further reducing naval expenditures, but in keeping them where they are. In the latter case, the big-navy men and the armament companies will have all that they could reasonably have hoped for in any case. It may be said that the conference has prevented a disastrously expensive naval race between the two countries, which could be ended only by a bankruptcy of Britain and a costly victory of America. But if such was the alternative, some agreement was practically inevitable. This agreement, however, if it is made, involves no scrapping of sea forces, and renders likely their considerable expansion by both Japan and the United States. To rejoice in a victory for armament reduction would, therefore, be absurd.

Why does not the same logic hold in this case as in the case of battleships? Why, with a ratio fixed, could not the total be appreciably reduced? The answer lies, undoubtedly, in the persistence of Britain's policy to be in a position to police, protect, harass or destroy, as she wishes, the ocean commerce of all nations in the event of war. The absence of anything approaching equal forces on the part of the smaller nations does not induce her, as it did with battleships, to consent to a reduction of her own strength: cruisers are for use mainly not against other warships but against unarmed vessels. She cannot deny to the United States the right to build as large a force as her own, but by placing the maximum as high as possible, she may easily hope that the dominant forces in the United States, which favor tax reduction, will prevent the full exercise of this right.

If such is the expectation of the British, it will probably be disappointed. The easiest way for President Coolidge will undoubtedly be to pretend that he has won a great victory, to succumb without a struggle to the big-navy men, and to hope for more and bigger prosperity so that his tax-reducing program may be bolstered up in spite of the increase of naval expenditure.

We should, however, view such a result with disappointment, in spite of the challenge which the British position conceals. The United States is under no obligation to compete with Great Britain for mastery of the seas, though she retain the right to do so. Let Great Britain suffer the cost if she will; the benefits are dubious in the extreme. They materialize only in a war. And, under modern conditions, a major war is such a calamity that its consequences can hardly be mitigated by any merely military preparation. The money necessary for a big navy could be used to ten times greater advantage, even for war purposes, by being devoted to the better organization of our economic life. In spite of the failure to disarm by agreement, there is still a chance to initiate a policy leading toward disarmament by example.

Steady Work on the Railroads

IN 1924, at the suggestion of a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Association of Railway Executives took official cognizance of the phenomenon of unemployment in the railway industry and appointed a committee, headed by Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio, to study the subject and make a report. Last week the Association made public the Committee's report, the burden of which, in the light of the great importance as well as possibilities of the subject, is disappointing. After pointing out the obvious as to the underlying causes of unstable employment in the railroad industry, the report observes that the railroads will only be in a position to take adequate measures to stabilize employment when their net income is so ample that, presumably, they will never have to worry again about paying dividends. By implication, the report has it that this is by no means the case today. After reciting the benefits of steady work to both railroads and workers, the report then suggests that a long step forward in employment stabilization would become possible if the employees would be willing, during times of business activity, to work nine and ten hours a day, and fall back to the eight-hour day again when things slow up. This is the only definite recommendation which the report makes—a recommendation for a willingness on the part of the workers to waive the eight-hour day

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during times when railroad earnings, owing to increased traffic, are very likely to be good.

For lack of consistency this recommendation can hardly be surpassed. In our judgment, the railroad workers most vitally concerned with the problem of stable employment, namely the maintenance employees, who have, after many years' struggle, eventually gained the eight-hour day with pay at the rate of time-and-one-half after the eighth hour, will not become enamored of the executives' proposal. To give railroad managements the right to work their repair forces nine or ten hours, on the theory that this will provide sufficient elasticity in the work-week to guard against all future lay-offs, would be very unwise on the part of labor. What it would amount to, in the end, would be simply a standard work-day of nine or ten hours, with an occasional lapse to eight hours during times of depression. Under no circumstances can railroad maintenance-labor waive the eight-hour day under any guise. But this does not mean that employment on the railroads cannot be made much more stable than at present, through the use of other devices, many of which are in actual practice today, but which the committee of railroad executives seems to hesitate to mention.

For example, there is the distinct possibility of budgeting railroad maintenance expenses so that the repair shops may operate with a more uniform force throughout the year. A little scientific study of trends in traffic would help each railroad very much in gauging its future equipment requirements more intelligently, and so preparing its budgets with some degree of confidence. Then there is considerable opportunity to do more railroad work in railroad shops, especially by way of rebuilding old equipment or building new, the major cost for which is not chargeable to operating expenses. Much of this kind of work can be done at times of the year when shop facilities would otherwise be idle. Nor has the last word been said, or the last thing done, on our railroads by way of more uniform planning of track, bridge and building work, accomplished chiefly with maintenance-of-way labor. Engineering practice applied to outside construction work has been so perfected in recent years as to overcome many of the handicaps due to cold weather. Again, individual railroads, and railroads acting together, as well as the various unions of the employees, can do a good deal by way of organizing employees' placement bureaus, whereby workers furloughed on one part of a railroad, or on one railroad or in one part of the country, may be transferred to other sections or other railroads where their services may be required. Such placement bureaus actually function on certain railroads where the unions have helped bring them into being. There is no reason why this plan cannot be extended widely throughout the industry. The employees, too, on those railroads where the standard unions are enabled to function, have made a contribution to employment stabilization by making it possible, after proper conferences, to reduce the work-week during depression periods from forty-eight to forty-four or even forty hours, thus enabling a retrenchment in labor and material expenses ranging from 8 to 16 percent, no small item in itself. Finally, there is always the feasibility of unemployment insurance, which, if it were established in the railroad industry, would perhaps accomplish more by way of stimulating railroad managements to treat the problem of stabilizing employment seriously than all the other measures combined.

As matters stand today, therefore, the Association of Railway Executives has made a gesture, accompanied by an expression of their interest in the avoidance of irregular employment, for the sake of greater operating efficiency, better service and improved morale. But their one constructive suggestion has so many drawbacks that it will never be carried into practice, except, perhaps, on company union railroads. The next move belongs to the organized railroad workers, especially those of the shops and track. Fortunately, they are carrying real grist to the mill, especially where they have developed coöperative relationships with railroad managements. The example of actual accomplishments which are being worked out on the coöperative railroads will, in the long run, perhaps, serve better to improve the practice of railroad employment stabilization than the very guarded utterances of the Association of Railway Executives.

The public has a great stake in the solution of this problem. If the jobs and incomes of the two million railroad workers of the country can be made fairly steady from year to year, a long step will be taken toward reducing the wide range in the fluctuations of the business cycle. Fortunately, the opportunity of the railroads to make their contribution is good, providing they will tackle the problem aggressively.

The Right to Picket

THE recent decision of the Court of Appeals of New York State in the suit of the Exchange Bakery and Restaurant, Inc., against the officers and members of the Waiters' and Waitresses' Union of New York City may not at once affect the practice of picketing in this state, but it is, nevertheless, a social document of profound importance. The litigation began with an attempt by the union in 1925 to organize the waitresses in the plaintiff's restaurant; four waitresses joined the union and, on a signal from other members, went out on strike. The place was then picketed by two women. The present decision of the Court of Appeals vacates the injunction restraining picketing issued at the time by the lower courts.

While peaceful picketing has, for a long time, been lawful in New York State, this latest decision,

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written by Justice Andrews and concurred in by Chief Justice Cardozo and Justices Pound and Lehman, derives its peculiar significance from the common sense with which these jurists treat the facts in the case. The majority opinion grapples with the realities of a situation and brings to the surface some of the underlying economic forces of industry. It recognizes that it is an indispensable function of the trade-union to extend the area of its jurisdiction; and that to grant a union the right to strike and picket only where it has already substantial membership and where grievances are only those of workers already members of the union is to invoke a legal abstraction in the adjudication of a complex economic issue. Judge Andrews' opinion thus concedes the right of a union to strike against and to picket the place of business of an establishment in which it has no members. For, the opinion says, "unions believe that wages may be increased, collective bargaining maintained, only if union conditions prevail, not in some single factory, but generally. That they may prevail, it may call a strike and picket the premises of an employer with the intent of inducing him to employ only union labor. Picketing without a strike is no more unlawful than a strike without picketing. Both are based upon a lawful purpose." Here the court clearly states that the existence of a non-union or unorganized sphere in any industry or occupation may be regarded as a menace to union standards prevailing elsewhere, and that the union may, to protect its standards, take the necessary steps to remove or control the menace of non-union competition.

Where labor organization is widely established and generally accepted, a judicial decision of this sort would be of small importance, and would involve slight gain to organized labor. The state of affairs in this country, however, is markedly different from that prevailing in most industrialized countries of the world. The establishment of an organized labor movement in an American industry involves starting with a small nucleus of employees somewhere, building up their standards, and then conducting a campaign to win new adherents among the vast majority of employees, and finally to raise the levels of wages and working conditions throughout the industry. Only in this way can a labor movement begin and grow in the United States. In most of our basic industries—steel, food, automobile, metal, textile—the spread of labor organization, if and when it does come, will come through such a process of accretion.

Even where organized labor is old and apparently firmly planted, strikingly similar conditions are encountered by trade-unions. The non-union area is here a notoriously uncertain and shifting one. In the coal industry, it is the comparatively new fields of West Virginia, whose productive capacity exceeds the forecasts of even the most optimistic prophets. In the book and job industry, it is the small towns surrounding our great cities. In the textile industry, it is the vast undeveloped area of the South. In the clothing industry, the small towns of New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and also the South. Everywhere new and unsuspected sources of cheaper and more amenable labor; everywhere a localization of industry reckoned in terms of decades and not of centuries; and, consequently, everywhere uninterrupted attack and undermining of hard-won union standards. If, under these conditions, there is still any virtue in trade-unionism, with its devices of collective bargaining and its variegated methods for improving the standards of life, as many Americans believe there is, then it is of supreme importance that our judiciary appreciate the practical requirements of the American scene and keep them in mind when they pass upon the concrete issues of a particular litigation, involving the rights of employer, employee, and trade-union. This the Court of Appeals of New York has just done with insight and with courage.

It would be an additional cause for congratulation if there were assurances that the understanding and spirit of this decision of the highest court of the state penetrated the lower courts, and had the effect it should have upon their judgments. Unfortunately, this outcome is not to be expected for many years to come. The legal status of trade-unions in New York State has, for many years, been firmly fixed and their rights liberally defined. Lower courts have, however, not refrained from issuing drastic *ex parte* injunctions and, in practice, imposing severe restrictions on the right to picket. In fact, much of the effective control over both strikes and picketing lies in the hands of the police and the courts of first jurisdiction. Appeal from the verdicts of lower courts spells long delay and heavy expense, both, too often, fatal to the successful conduct of an industrial struggle.

The opinion of Judge Andrews and his associates is a moral victory for organized labor. It should, in time, have those consequences that inevitably flow from an intelligent and honest appraisal of the forces of industrial conflict.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

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Present Tendencies in British Politics

I

THE signs are accumulating on every hand that, below the surface, great changes are taking place in English politics. If the immediate mood seems one of dullness and even indifference, it is worth remembering that a similar atmosphere existed before the spectacular general election of 1906, when the Liberal party obtained the largest majority in its history. At that time there was virtually an agreement between Liberals and the then nascent Labor party; today, they seem in relentless opposition to one another. But I shall give reasons for supposing that the next general election, especially if it be postponed for another eighteen months, may bring with it a new alignment of forces.

II

The central point in the new atmosphere is, of course, provided by the government. When Mr. Baldwin came into office, he was the apostle—I believe the sincerely convinced apostle—of industrial peace. He stood for a reaffirmation of Tory Democracy as typified by Disraeli's "Sybil." He had great charm, and he was a sufficiently halting speaker to convince many—since the English, as a rule, think an orator is necessarily insincere—that he would carry out his program. He was supported by a considerable group in his party, and especially by the younger members. It even seemed, for a time, that he would make Toryism a faith to the left of Liberal doctrine.

The general strike of 1926 changed all that. It revived in the Tory party all its sense of hatred for trade-unions, government interference, social legislation. It enabled those who loathed the policy of Locarno to revive all their distrust of Russia in England, India, China, the Balkans, and to restore to its old-time efficacy the sacred doctrine of the hidden hand. The general strike came from Russia; the volume of unemployment remained high because of Russia; Russia dictated the dismissal of Mr. Hodges from the International Miners' Federation; Russia fomented disturbance in India and China. The Cabinet, and especially those pinchbeck Mussolinis, Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, was won over to the notions: (a) that there must be strong legislation to teach the trade-unions their proper place; and (b) the poisonous contamination of Russia must be removed from the body politic. Both of these aroused a yelp of joy from the Tories as a whole. Against the first, Mr. Baldwin and Sir A. Steel-Maitland struggled rather feebly in the Cabinet; against the second, Sir A. Chamberlain made a series of protests and then, after the spectacular and incredibly foolish raid on the Trade Delegation by his colleague, the Home Secretary—gave way. The Trade Union and Trades Disputes Bill, more commonly known as "the blackleg's Charter," is now well on its way (by use of a drastic closure) to the statute-book; and all official relations with Russia have been severed.

What does it mean? In my own judgment, the change here described cannot be interpreted except upon the assumption that Mr. Baldwin has been taken prisoner by the Die-Hards, and that the Tories will, henceforth, be a party of deliberate reaction. The causes of this change in the Tory attitude are by no means simple to diagnose. In part, the general strike has heightened in them that sense of their own identity with the whole community which always leads Toryism, sooner or later, to coercion. They want to make the world safe for the big business man who sees his position jeopardized by the growth of labor; and they count on the support of the timid and the genteel to effect their purpose. In part, also, they are genuinely afraid of Bolshevism; and anyone who wants to grasp the essentials of the Tory mind here cannot do better than re-read Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace," which exactly expresses their attitude. In part, too, they have an uneasy feeling that the democracy is getting above itself and that—witness Mr. Churchill's elaborate eulogies—something of the Mussolini touch would do no harm. There has never been a time in my own memory when the Tory press in general has been such a shriek of hate against Labor; and hate is always the eldest child of fear. Toryism has to choose between a policy of concession and a policy of repression; it has—despite Mr. Baldwin—chosen the latter. It has become reactionary at home—witness the Trade Union Bill, the attack on local government, the refusal to ratify the forty-eight-hours convention, the stagnation of educational policy—and imperialistic abroad—witness the breakdown of relations with Russia, the Chinese policy, the new threat of interference in Egypt, the ill-will towards disarmament. The Tories are like men in a frenzy, determined to fight for their property whatever the cost of conflict.

III

Superficially, Liberal reunion reigns, and the party has gained two seats—one at the expense of Labor—and held one more. But upon the degree of its unity, several things are to be said. In the division lobby of the House of Commons it is hopelessly divided. Some Liberals vote invariably with the government; others, as invariably, vote against it; others never vote at all. On the Trade Union Bill, Mr. Lloyd-George is one of the government's most powerful critics, and Sir John Simon probably

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its most useful supporter—though the latter is careful not to vote. In the country, there is, I think, a real, though limited, Liberal revival. But it must be noted that in each election they have contested, and even in those they have won, the Labor vote has steadily mounted, and, as a rule, in greater proportion than the Liberal vote. I see no reason to suppose that they are likely, in the next few years, to be more than a smaller Irish party, sixty to seventy strong. But, in that event, they may be an influence, as I shall point out, of immense weight.

IV

There is not much new to say of the Labor party. Its strength in the country grows slowly but quite steadily. The Trade Union Bill has given it a real rallying-cry; and when that bill begins to operate and working-men go to prison under its clauses, there will be a land-slide in its direction. It still suffers from being a dull party, without—apart from Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden—any natural front-bench figures. It has not thrown up in the present House any young men whose quality is suggestive for the future. It does not work hard enough in the House, or use its outside experts sufficiently. But it is brilliantly organized in the country; its volunteers show no signs of decay in the degree of their service. And it has the urgent ardor of men who believe that they are in sight of power.

V

What, in fact, will happen? There are three prevailing views. The Tories think that they will win the next election: (a) because the country is sick of strikes, (b) because it loathes Bolshevism, and (c) because the five million new voters are predominantly Tory. I find very few to agree with this view. A distinguished Conservative prophesied to me the other day that his party would lose all the thickly-populated industrial districts as a result of the Trade Union Bill. He thought the new women voters mainly progressive; and he saw no popular issue on which Mr. Baldwin could hope to get a majority.

A leading Labor politician, who is as shrewd a judge as I know, is confident of an independent Labor majority. The people, he thinks, are so sick of this government that there will be a land-slide against it if it stays in office for another eighteen months. I pressed him upon the admitted difficulty of capturing the countryside for Labor. He thought that was coming more quickly than was generally realized, and that twenty rural seats would meet Labor's immediate requirements. He insisted further that this is an age of great electoral turn-overs, and that the Liberals would fail because the people wanted to choose a government.

The most commonly held view—and the one I myself share—is that Labor and Liberals together will have a majority. What is to happen then is a matter on which views diverge. Some Labor people—notably the I. L. P.—are for individualism *à l'outrance*. They will not negotiate with the Liberals on any terms or for any purposes. Others take the view that an independent Labor majority is at least a decade distant. We cannot afford to leave the Tories in power for that length of time. We must, therefore, approach the Liberals for a government negotiated on the basis of an agreed program of measures, e. g., the nationalization of the mines, an advanced educational program, higher taxation of large incomes, vastly greater death duties, etc. The Liberals will either accept this, in which case they will lose their separate identity and become a fragment of the Labor party; or reject it, in which case Labor will take office without them, in the certainty that Liberalism would die at the next general election. The main exponent of this theory is, I believe, Mr. Snowden; but I have been amazed at the volume of support there is behind it, often from the most unexpected quarters.

It is, I think, an over-simple theory. It assumes that an agreement with the Liberals is possible on terms that will be acceptable to Labor; and it assumes that a Liberal-Labor agreement could be made without splitting the Labor party. On the first head, it is worth noting that every Liberal leader of note is opposed to the nationalization of the mines; that some would oppose the repeal of the Trade Union Act; that others would oppose higher taxation. The danger on this view is that the emergent program on any possible basis would be so thin that it would be useless to most Labor people, so drastic that Liberals in the country would go over to Conservatism in increasing numbers. On the second head, I have no doubt at all that an alliance with Liberals would cause a revolt in the Labor ranks. Some would join the Communist party; others would leave politics altogether; others, again, would refuse more than a very general support to a government so formed. The stimulus to communism would, I am convinced, be enormous. Thousands of Labor supporters would take the view that the parliamentary machine ground Labor M. P.'s into the same mold as those they were sent to Westminster to destroy.

VI

What, then, is the outlook? We shall have something like eighteen more months of Tory stagnation. If this is crowned by the repeal of the Rent Restriction Act—the protection of every person with less than three thousand dollars income—and the reform of the House of Lords, before the general election of 1929, I believe there will be a serious revolutionary movement in England inside of ten years. For a reformed House of Lords means, and can only mean, a capitalist system impervious to the will of the political electorate.

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If, as is more likely, we merely have stagnation, I believe the situation of 1923-4 will be repeated with a Labor party of 250 and a Liberal party of sixty to seventy. While I offer no expression upon the wisdom of the step, I believe that will mean a Labor-Liberal Cabinet in which the Liberals have three or four seats (e. g., Mr. Lloyd-George as Minister for Agriculture), and Labor the control of the program. The legislation will then be an advanced edition of socialized liberalism of the old Asquith government. If it meets with opposition from the House of Lords, that chamber would then be revised towards the Norwegian model. There would be a definite growth of communism, and, in the Conservative ranks, a parallel growth towards Fascism. Politics would be confused and ill-tempered, and there would be an increasing tendency to replace the party system by groups, as on the continent. Thereafter, I believe again that the growth of revolutionary sentiment would be inevitable.

Underlying my analysis are two assumptions, both of which require a word. The necessities of the English situation require economic reorganization. It is, historically, at least dubious whether parliamentary institutions are capable of making that transformation successfully. Their success has been in the direction of consolidating after a revolution—of bringing political liberty rather than abandoning economic privilege. Their success, moreover, demands an atmosphere of concession in public life which is increasingly rare in England. In the nineteenth century, concession was easy because the margins within which concession was possible were so wide. That is not the case today. The concessions which are elementary cut at the root of the power held by the property-owning classes. I know of no instance where such a class has acquiesced in its own supersession.

Secondly, there is the assumption that the Tories, like the Communists, would fight for their position. Like many other observers, I am impressed by the accumulating evidence that, in 1913-4, the Tory party made the Army a branch of itself. The diaries of Colonel Repington and Sir Henry Wilson afford ample evidence that the higher command in 1914 was steeped in disloyalty and treason and encouraged thereto by the leaders of the Tory party. That temper has not changed; and I believe that men like Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead would appeal to it again without hesitation. In this connection, the delicate problem of the monarchy is important; and the Tory attitude to monarchy and to its possible political use must not be overlooked.

I add one final remark. These are comfortless and even gloomy speculations. I think the situation calls for them. The prospect is rapidly becoming one where in the "ignorant desire" for change, and "ignorant hostility" to it, the still, small voice of reason has little chance of making itself heard. Its best chance is that it should state clearly and simply the prospects opened up by the new Tory policy. And if it be dismissed as Cassandra, it can only reply that Cassandra's prophecies came true.

London. HAROLD J. LASKI.

Free Speech for the Army

SPEECH is now free for the Army. The performances in the last few years, on the platform and in print, of various captains, colonels, brigadiers and generals, is evidence enough that, on certain subjects, liberty of utterance has come to our armed forces. Since the burden of this rising flood of speech is pacifism, the Reds, and programs of industrial change, all of them vital questions which the nation must decide, it would appear that the tradition of keeping the Army out of politics is being badly smashed. Thereby the country is put to it to adjust the need of a democracy to forefend against the menace of a military machine with its need to keep the channels of discussion open to all its citizens. The Secretary of War has attempted to resolve the dilemma. Asked to rule on the utterances of a certain colonel, he decided that they were "his personal views," "his individual views as a citizen." He then laid down the general rule: "It is manifestly beyond the power of the War Department, and, if possible, it would be obviously opposed to the principle of freedom of speech, for the War Department to attempt to control all expressions of opinion that officers of the Army may make as private citizens." Have we here a solution?

Assuming that the Secretary can and will control his own subordinates so that never again will a reserve officer face charges for advocating the recognition of Russia, or be given his choice between resignation and appearance before an investigating board for holding that the kind of military training given in colleges is of slight practical value, there is still to be faced the inherent incompatibility between army discipline and free speech. Here is the root whose fruit in due season is the legally sustained limitation in wartime of the constitutional guarantees of civil liberty. If this distinction between the Army and the citizenship relation of officers is valid, it must hold for privates as well as for officers, and then where is discipline? If we ever achieved, in actual administration, an army embodying the Secretary's claim "that the War Department has never attempted, directly or indirectly, to repress free speech on any subject whatsoever, either by those who favor or those who oppose its policies," an army whose officers were also citizens in their rights of expression, it is certain that, in that army,

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privates would still be only privates. In the recent case of two of them, sentenced by court martial to twenty-six and forty years' imprisonment, respectively, for communist expressions and activities which are legal for private citizens, the War Department reduced the sentences to one and three years, and the Secretary of War, later, in refusing parole, declared: "in the matter of their offenses, it must be recognized that there is a great difference between the duties and obligations of a soldier of the United States Army and those of the average citizen of the country."

In the case of officers, just how possible is it to enforce a distinction between speech that is official and that which is private? The discrimination is borrowed from the academic world, where it survives, in somewhat battered form, the assaults of post-war reaction. There it is supported by a traditional code that imposes obligations on both parties to the issue. But no matter how punctilious a teacher may be in trying to separate his institution, private or public, from any responsibility for his extra-academic utterances, the reporters always include his title. Suppose that, either by additional regulations or by the development of a common code, it should become customary for army officers to leave their uniforms at home when they go forth to speak on public questions, and to avoid the use of titles or government stationery when expressing their personal views, would the newspapers report them as plain, unadorned private citizens? When Hanford MacNider describes the pacifists as "paid agitators, sentimental sob sisters, and Reds who are seeking to undermine our form of government," he insists that it is only MacNider who is speaking, but the newspapers see to it that the public accepts this as the utterance of the Assistant Secretary of War. Therein lies the essence of the news.

If, however, the present publicity mania could in time be modified, if the ethical values involved in the distinction between official and personal utterances could be recognized in the world of journalism, there remains the question of the self-imposed restraints which are necessary if the principle of free speech is to work. The kind of expression in which so many officers have lately indulged themselves could not appear in the academic world. If it did, and were not promptly dealt with by the teaching profession itself, the right of freedom for non-official utterance would soon disappear. No trustees or regents, no college community, would tolerate from professors, as citizens, the abuse of other citizens that is now the habitual public speech of certain military men, who are continually denouncing as hired traitors all those persons and organizations who can, by any process of deduction, be associated with those whose views on military training and preparedness they do not like. Women and women's organizations have become the special target of the vituperation of these warriors. So far, the Army's contribution to the methods of free speech has been not chivalry but *schrecklichkeit*. This record is an amazing spectacle. It portrays a campaign of irresponsible and shameless slander, of scurrilous and moronic mendacity without parallel in our history. The intelligent and chivalrous section of the military profession must writhe before it. Yet, being of the old army tradition, they are silent, and the Secretary of War dismisses it as "personal views." If the matter ends there, if this record stands without rebuke, is not the declaration of free speech for officers as citizens equivalent to a license for speech without any of the restraints of decency, courtesy or honor?

Is it not more than that? The purpose of this kind of talk by these army officers is to silence those who differ with them on certain vital questions of public policy. Their method is the poisoning of the public mind by lies, and fear, and hate. On this basis they occasionally demand, but more frequently incite others to demand, that those whom they denounce be refused a hearing. In the case in which the Secretary of War laid down his principle of free speech, he ignored the fact that a part of the "personal views" of the colonel in question had been the attempt, on government stationery, over an official signature, to persuade the president of a tax-supported educational institution to prevent a reputable citizen from speaking on the campus. To permit such conduct to pass unchallenged, to allow it standing room under the ægis of the principle of free speech, is plainly to use that principle for its own destruction.

This becomes clearer in the case of the organizations of reserve officers. There is one in Chicago which calls itself the Military Intelligence Association. Its officials assume a general responsibility for censorship and repression. They keep, and circulate to all organizations that carry on meetings, a black-list of speakers. They are reported in the daily press to have proposed to two of the most eminent women citizens of this country that, if they would withdraw from the American Civil Liberties Union, they would refrain from denouncing them. Recently they tried to stop the appointment to a church of a young man whose views on war they did not approve. When the Secretary of War was informed of the activities of this organization, and it was pointed out to him that its name created in the public mind the impression of official authority, he replied that it was one of the customary organizations of reserve officers over which the War Department had no control. Again, does the formula fit the facts?

To what extent has the War Department any connection with this campaign of denunciation and repression, carried on by organizations of some military name or parentage, and by certain regular army officers? Aside from the fact that, when these latter lie about their fellow citizens and libel them with impunity, under the cloak of patriotism, it is, in the mind of the public, the Army that is

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doing it, has our military service any direct responsibility for what is being done? Can it be dismissed as the "personal views" of individuals, and be trusted to correct itself by the development of more free speech for persons?

The pertinent fact here is the publicity bureau of the Army and its activities. This, along with a similar and coöperating agency for the Navy, is a part of the application of business methods to the Army that started with the influx of civilians during the World War. The same technique that is to give us bigger and better business is also to produce a bigger and better army. Would the pre-war Army or Navy have thought of using Lindbergh's flight to help sell themselves to the public through the newspapers? Hence it comes about, in the ordinary process of publicity, without any sinister purpose whatever, that considerable of the material which incites certain warriors to frenzied speech and certain military and patriotic organizations to activities of repression comes from the headquarters of the Army. Usually, it is not initiated there. There is an endless chain operation between the official military publicity agencies, the patriotic and military organizations, and certain industrial associations with their journals. One of the latter may start the process by an article; its substance is picked up and sent out by the publicity bureau of the War Department, and then it reappears in the journals of the other organizations and in the speeches of their members. As a matter of history, the report (later discredited) of the Lusk Committee, and the highly imaginative writings of certain industrial propagandists, have furnished most of the ammunition for the military adventure in speech.

This episode is, of course, part of a much bigger social phenomenon. It is the expression of the psychological upheaval occasioned by the War and of the inevitable alliance between militarism and industrialism. But the part played in it by efficiency and publicity methods in the War Department is sufficient to make it clear that any attempt to correct it by falling back upon the principle of free speech in personal terms will be futile. It is a propaganda machine that is talking, a machine that is producing lies and fear, and using the technique of hate in peace-time as in war, a machine that uses the money of the people to sell itself to them and so requires more of their money and life, exactly as does the industrialism of which it is a part. In this problem, we are dealing not merely with the military mind, but also with the business mind which has taken it into double harness.

An indication of our trend, almost as revealing as the comparison of the increase of our military expenses since 1914 with that of other nations, is the different response of the present and the preceding Secretaries of War to similar situations. The present incumbent is classed among the liberals, while his predecessor would probably have objected to any such classification. Yet, when this predecessor was presented with the case of a military intelligence officer who had said that it was an important part of the army service to suppress all kinds of dissatisfied elements in the country, including the A. F. of L., he expressed sincere regret, asked that it be considered "as the thoughtless and immature action of a young man whose enthusiasm has completely dwarfed his judgment and discretion," promised a thorough investigation and such "corrective and disciplinary measure as may prove to be merited." When a committee representing a number of national organizations protested to him concerning false attacks made against them by a certain general, which, in these latter days, other generals have repeated with impunity, he gave the committee to understand that the general would be required to attend to his own business. When the famous "spider-web chart," purporting to tie together many of the women's organizations of this country in an international conspiracy directed from Moscow, was prepared by the librarian of the Chemical Warfare Service, he replied to those who called his attention to its errors: "you are informed that all the charts complained of in the possession of the Chemical Warfare Service have been ordered destroyed. General Fries has been directed to inform all persons that there are errors in the chart and to request their destruction. I regret the charts containing the errors pointed out by your committee were circulated by any branch of the War Department."

Today the interlocking publicity machine of certain industrial propagandists, professional patriots, and the War Department has carried us into another atmosphere. This machine of propaganda cannot be sanctioned in the name of free speech; it operates for the suppression of free speech. Its work cannot be dismissed as the outpourings of a few zealots. Its consequences of injury to individual citizens and of damage to the commonwealth are already so apparent that a nation which is seeking democracy must decide whether such an instrument is necessary to its defense, and, if so, how it can be controlled so that it will not produce its present harmful results.

HARRY F. WARD.

Storms

She fears not me—
  Neither my thunder,
Nor my lightning, startles her
  To make surrender.

But when my friend
  In Heaven makes thunder,
Her spirit breaks, and turns
  To fear and wonder.

Lightning and thunder,
  Give her no rest:
Bring her head back again,
  Back to my breast.

W. H. DAVIES.

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Los Angeles

The City That Is Bacchanalian—in a Nice Way

SPEAKING for myself, I adore it. I am aware, of course, that such an attitude is most unusual. Nearly everyone I know who comes from the East, or from Europe, to visit Los Angeles, goes away declaring that it is embodied nightmare; but I can only say that those who hold this view seem to me amazingly short-sighted. For this city is a social laboratory *in excelsis*. It offers a melting-pot in which the civilization of the future may be seen, bubbling darkly up in a foreshadowing brew. Besides, it is gorgeously amusing. Anything may happen in Los Angeles in the next quarter-century, and nearly everything did in the one just gone.

Consider it in terms of sheer growth, and you have a phenomenon only approached in one other community—Detroit, the dedicated temple of the motor car. Twenty-five years ago, the population of this City of the Angels (a title which discreetly fails to say whether fallen or not) was 100,000. Today it numbers not less than 1,300,000 souls, and twenty telegrams will lie on my desk next Tuesday, assuring me that this is a cowardly understatement by 90,000 at least. Every working day, its builders start forty-seven new private dwellings and two apartment houses. Every week, last year, it built a new hotel. Two out of every three inhabitants have moved from somewhere else within a decade. Assessed valuation of property has tripled in ten years; postal receipts have almost quadrupled; bank clearings have gone from one billion to nearly eight. And so on.

However, figures can't give any real sense of this choking jungle growth of people. I prefer to remember my friend, the advertising man, with whom I talked recently on the thirteenth floor of a brand-new skyscraper, which had been built, if not overnight, at least over the week-end. My friend showed me the layout for a souvenir booklet he was preparing against the arrival of a national convention (they meet in Los Angeles so incessantly that the thump of gavels, on a quiet morning, sounds like a machine-gun nest). He had before him two contrasting photographs of the city's idol: the skyline. They were called "The Old" and "The New"; and they looked about as much alike as, say, Vienna and Chicago. The new one was taken, I saw, in 1926, but what about the other, the prehistoric perspective? "It is," said my friend, "an ancient view I dug up out of a desk drawer. It shows the skyline in 1922."

This steady, speedy growth is the one most important thing to understand about Los Angeles, as about many another American community today. It creates an easy optimism, a lax prosperity which dominates people's lives. Anything seems possible; the future is yours, and the past?—there isn't any. The first comers, if they can just get their fingers on a little property, are sure to grow rich with the unearned increment. Retail shops may count on a large increase every year from the city's growth, regardless of other factors. Those who live in this intoxication of success, of course, cherish two delusions: first, that they are personally responsible for it; and, second, that it will last forever.

The other great fact about Los Angeles is that it is now a completely motorized civilization. Nowhere else in the world have human beings so thoroughly adapted themselves to the automobile. The advertisers' ideal, two cars to a family, has very nearly been attained, not merely among the rich, but *on the average*. The number of licensed drivers is just about equal to the adult population, and all the children above the age of ten are bootleg chauffeurs. Any Angeleno without his automobile is marooned, like a cowboy without his horse, and cannot stir from the spot until it has been restored to him. The highest form of popular art is found in the decoration of filling stations; one tours them as one does the *chateau* country of France.

A great proportion of the male population has no other real interest in life than motor machinery. Bridge and golf mean a little something; but mention air cooling, or valves-in-head, and behold the sudden warm expansion! It is like seeing an upper-class Englishman turn into a Neapolitan before your eyes.

It is easy to smile scornfully at all this sudden new proliferation of houses and shops and boulevards and signboards and stop-go signs. Derision is not difficult, at the raw smell of paint and packing boxes, especially if one has a taste for civilizations worn smooth with age, for ivy which does not bear a sign, "Planted by Miss Mary Pickford, June, 1927." And yet the newness has its advantages. One of them was indicated by a city planner when I visited him in his high tower. He looked out on thronging streets and talked of the metropolis of the future; and as he waved his hand I saw huge boulevards, sixty paces wide, unfurl in smooth ribbons through the welter of sandstone and steel. Parks rolled out like green rugs from the hand of a Turk. The skyscrapers were leveled off, the hollow spaces between them filled up. At every street intersection one roadway dipped be-

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neath the other. The city turned rapidly into paradise—retaining its motor cars.

The city planner, a salaried municipal official who is really doing all this, and not just recording his dreams in a book, broke off to admit, with an embarrassed laugh, that he is envied of all his fellow craftsmen the world over. Why? For two reasons. The first is that, though the city is growing at such appalling speed, it will probably halt forever, at a certain point. There's only a limited amount of water available, unless they learn to distill it from the ocean: even now, they are bringing the precious stuff 230 miles. A stationary population is the city planner's paradise, as it is the realtor's nightmare.

The other reason? "Well, you see, most planners are hampered because the evil conditions which they must fight have been there so long, are so deeply entrenched. But here, everything is new, and the wrong things haven't such a head-start." And that is why the plan for the Los Angeles region, with its decentralized population, its marvelous boulevards running in great concentric circles, on which satellite centers are strung like beads; its purchase of land for parks and schools and fire-engine houses years in advance of necessity, while the land is still cheap—this scheme breaks the hearts of planners elsewhere, who find themselves rubbing their noses in vain against a brick wall of vested property rights, social inertia, stupidity.

If Los Angeles is paradise, it is a middle-class heaven. The wage-earner finds things somewhat less pleasant. The city has always been an open-shop, low-wage town. For years it was helped to be so by malignant old General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of The Times, the dynamiting of whose building resulted in the famous McNamara trial. But the community didn't need the General; for it is the Mecca of the misfits from everywhere else. They drift southwest across the continent, on the trails of the pioneers, until the ocean halts them. Then they stay for the climate. Even tubercular patients go there, not knowing that they should remain at least sixty miles from the fogs of the coast. Labor is cheap in Los Angeles, and especially so among the unskilled workers, of whom there is usually a huge oversupply.

On the other hand, it is quite true that the workingman gets more for his money here than almost anywhere else. You can buy a bungalow and become the ninth owner of a Ford, with a handclasp for the first payment. Food is inexpensive, most of it being produced by heart-breakingly industrious Japanese ranchers. These have quarts of children, all of whom, down as far as the age of two, get up at three A. M. to toil in the fields. The bungalow is cheap and ugly, but in a twinkling it is buried in flowers which grow here on the least provocation. (Los Angeles loves to recall the eastern suitor of a California girl, who telegraphed out to a florist an order for five dollars' worth of violets. They were delivered in several bushel baskets.) Ocean beaches and deep mountain canyons are just beyond the dooryard, and may be enjoyed at the cost of a gallon of gasoline. The climate is the poor man's benison as well as the rich man's luxury. There is no other place in America where the social stratification is so little marked, where all classes do so nearly the same thing at the same time.

The human materials from which Los Angeles has been synthesized have been identified often enough. Of the original Spanish culture of the tiny, moribund pueblo, there is now hardly a trace. It has been overlaid with successive waves from the solid American Middle West. Of the individuals in this migration, some have become mildly rich by sitting on their land and waiting for its value to increase; and others have come West, almost as beggars, in order to enjoy the not inconsiderable advantages of being poor in an open-air climate. Between these groups is a third, most pathetic of all, consisting of those with some money but not enough. Too often, the farmer and his wife who have reached the age of sixty, gnarled and weather-worn, exhausted by the long struggle against cyclones, blizzards, drought, locusts and low prices, sell the farm and come to California with the proceeds, expecting that they will only survive a few years, and that by spending their capital, a little at a time, they can keep going in the interim. In that salubrious climate, of course, no one ever dies; and so, not infrequently, their calculation goes astray and they are left facing the world penniless at seventy-five or eighty.

The transplanted Middle Westerner's loyalty to California is excessive, and painfully vocal. It was one of these, I am sure, who told President Foster, "that's a real pretty sunset, if I do say so myself." But their allegiance to the old home is not diminished by their adherence to the new. They are organized into numerous state societies which meet frequently and *con emoto*. A gathering of the Iowa Society, for example, is a sight to think about. A huge park, or other open space, is taken over, and the map of Iowa laid out upon it, each county, in its proper place, being marked by a flagpole and pennant. When the erstwhile Iowans arrive in their Dodges and Chevrolets—and 125,000 is not an uncommon figure for the attendance—each family rallies round its own flag amid its former neighbors, and holds high carnival, with reunion, reminiscence, fried chicken and hard-boiled eggs.

It is the fashion to blame these Middle Westerners for all that is wrong with California civilization, but this indictment is a little too easy to be wholly true. It is a fact that the latter-day pioneer is usually an earnest church-goer, an aggressive Puritan, who believes there's enough sex in real life without bringing it into plays and books.

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But his aggressive good citizenship is also responsible for much genuinely admirable social legislation, of the sort which has made California one of the world's leaders in this respect. The retired farmer has a passion for education, which has given Los Angeles an amazing system of public schools, and more college students, in proportion to population, than are to be found in any comparable city in the world. As a taxpayer, he cheerfully maintains a fine series of municipal institutions. He is not afraid of city-owned waterworks, or of such "socialistic" enterprises as municipal summer camps in the mountains, where any family may have a glorious fortnight at a cost of practically nothing.

Years ago, Los Angeles tried a city-owned newspaper. It has a series of admirable courts, some of which are pioneers, for taking care of domestic relations problems. Dr. Miriam Van Waters is one of those who look after its neglected children —of whom, with its high divorce rate and shifting population, it has a great many. The Angeleno was paying for efficient public defenders years before most of America had heard the term. He tolerates a city-planning bureau which is some day going to turn established real estate values upside down; he accepts the only effective system of street traffic control now in operation in these United States and is spending $200,000,000 to make it better, to remodel the railway terminals and provide a civic center.

Time takes its revenge on the Puritan; for he sees his sons and daughters, born in California or early transplanted there, growing up with hardly a trace of his own inhibitions about them. They are big, these new-crop California Americans; they are broad-shouldered, silent, sun-burned, and the females would be heart-shakingly beautiful if they would stop painting their faces in metallic orange hues. They swim, play tennis, and worship motors with quiet fanaticism, their devotional ceremonies being conducted at sixty miles an hour over boulevards surpassingly smooth. In moral matters, as in everything else, they do exactly as they please, which is never what their parents desire. If frigid Puritanism is a menace, be of good cheer: it is thawing quickly away under the sensuous sun of the Western Riviera.

Another great element in the human layer cake of Los Angeles is the fanatic. I leave it to the sociologists to say whether cranks go to California, or Californians become cranks; whatever the process, the results are wonderful. There is not a queer creed to be found anywhere which doesn't have its faithful little band of adherents in the city which so thoroughly took Aimee Semple McPherson to its heart. Nor is religion the only subject of preoccupation. There are food faddists who never eat meat, or eat only meat, or live on raw fruit, or fast ten days in every sixty. There are tax reformers, soft-money advocates, anarchists with never a bomb or a whisker. Most of these persons, including the religious ones, are wholly sincere. There isn't enough money in the graft to make hypocrisy profitable, unless you are one Sister Aimee in a million dubs.

There is an office building in Los Angeles which is devoted exclusively to these new and errant sects. While the leisurely elevator creaks upward, you may see a veritable congress of religions gold-lettered on the doors—"Children of the Sun Church." . . . "Nature-Way Medical College for Drugless Healing." . . . "The Vedantic Brotherhood, Hours 10-12, 2-4." . . . "The Light, the Key, the Path, Editor's Office." . . . "Pre-Astral Fraternity of Love." What opportunities for learning all the mysteries of the universe, all the secrets of success, the elevator boy confronts every day! . . . and misses, if we may judge by the shabby hang-dog look of him.

More important than the tired, elderly Iowan and the mildly mad fruit-eater, the characteristic individual in Los Angeles today is just the simple customary American type, the Babbitt, realtor, Rotarian, good-hearted, well meaning, honest, affectionate, loyal, narrow, dogmatic and dull. Money has been made in that town every day for many years—quantities of it—chiefly, not by producing things but by selling them. To this honeypot have come the same drones who always cluster around it. The type is the big, beaming man, with clipped military moustaches, whose golf is in the nineties, motor speed in the sixties, waistline in the forties, wife in the thirties, and sweetheart in the (early) twenties. Every luncheon club which exists anywhere either has its biggest branch in Los Angeles, or the runner-up. There are fifty golf courses within an hour's run of the city, and heaven knows how many beach clubs. (These latter are so snobbishly reserved that they sometimes take advertisements four newspaper pages in length to ask for new members—"if you feel you can pass our rigid tests, clip the coupon.") Mr. Babbitt, the New American, in Los Angeles as elsewhere, is noisy, cheerful, pleased with himself. He makes plenty of money, spends most of it, drives a snappy car, dresses in snappy clothes.

It was he, and not the retired farmer or the gentle crank, who was responsible for the ferocious repression of free speech seen in California after the War. The elderly Middle Westerner is a capitalist in a small way, and naturally timid in the presence of any threat to the existing order, however faint; but it was the go-getter who went and got 'em—in the raid on the I. W. W. hall at San Pedro, the prosecutions under the criminal syndicalism law, the Busick injunction, and, in coöperation with men of like views in other parts of the state, the struggle to keep Tom Mooney in jail and to send Anita Whitney there.

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In the old days, when Los Angeles depended on two annual crops, tourists and fruit, there was quiet prosperity, nothing gaudy. But today she is bursting out at the seams in half a dozen other directions. She has gone in for manufacturing, and the annual product of her factories is worth a huge sum. (The city grows so fast that the estimate of a billion on page 46 of an official booklet expands to a billion and a quarter on page 48.) Ship lines radiate from her big and artificial harbor, which is second only to New York in tonnage, and in coastwise shipping exceeds even that city. I am omitting discussion of the movies from this discussion because they belong to Hollywood, and that is a Couple of Other Articles, but it is only fair to mention here the $168,000,000 a year which they add—at least temporarily—to the wealth of Los Angeles. And there are fisheries; and textiles; and meat packing; and furniture; and so on and on, not forgetting oil.

The story of the Los Angeles oil field is one of the craziest chapters in a crazy epic. For years, a few derricks had risen from city backyards and languidly pumped out a little of the "black gold." Then, not long ago, vast new deposits were found, some actually within the city's 400 square miles, some just outside its limits. Scores of poor people, who, by years of effort, had managed to get legal title to a bungalow and a twenty-five-foot lot, found on Tuesday that their income, beginning Monday, was a hundred dollars a day—or three thousand, or any other incredible figure. Shall Ali Baba count the pearls he finds in the robbers' cave? A duck-hunting club in the marshes discovered that its memberships were worth $125,000 each. At present, oil to a value of $200,000,000 is removed every year from the Los Angeles district. The wild scramble of unrestrained private competition has resulted in the sinking of wells just as close together as they could be drilled, and the cost of bringing out the oil has been five or six times greater than was necessary. Already, geologists say, the field has passed its peak of productivity. Also, for every person in modest circumstances who struck it rich, a hundred have been pillaged by the confidence men who came with the oil fever, and deluged the city with their worthless, pretty paper. The state government has fought valiantly against this, but it is hard to battle both the shark and the normal avarice of his prospective victim.

If, in the past, Babbitt has had his way in Los Angeles, there are signs that his reign will not last forever. Extraordinary things are on foot. People are beginning to raise their voices, arguing that mere bigness is, after all, not the finest of ultimate ideals. These sentiments have even been uttered within the sacred walls of the Chamber of Commerce, without causing them to fall apart, as in one of the earthquakes which Los Angeles never, never has (. . . well, hardly ever). The little group of painters and poets who have lived lonely lives, in thrall to the beauty of California's brown hills and dark blue sea, all at once begin to be persons of some importance, at least as much so as one of the lesser realtors. It has become the fashion to hang the works of the painters in public and semi-public buildings. The architects are beginning to assert themselves, and many an oil millionaire finds himself living in an Italian or Spanish house far more beautiful than he probably wanted.

The fact that, for seven months of the year, not a drop of rain ever falls makes possible out-of-door theatrical and musical performances, and some of these are enchanting. There is, for example, the Pilgrimage Play, which tells the story of the life of Christ, given, at night, in an amphitheater of hills, the actors appearing at various levels on a wooded slope, cunningly illuminated from concealed spotlights. The whole effect, beneath the tropic, burning black night, is unbelievably lovely. The Hollywood Bowl is something which tempts one to ecstatic rhetoric—a vast open-air auditorium, of steel and concrete, where 35,000 people gather for a symphony concert, and not one need miss the last high whisper of the E string. I could say much more of the same sort, about galleries, museums, little theaters, fiestas with more than the conventional surface imitation of old Spanish days about them.

It is not impossible, I think, that a real civilization may some day grow up on this shore of a sapphire sea, a civilization which will not need to hang its head when the Athens of Pericles is mentioned. Here is a community with youth, great wealth, a glorious physical basis. Its Puritanism it is shedding fast. Its per capita wealth is enormous; its racial elements are so fused that nearly all the citizens understand one another. It would be ironical, would it not, if this city, in which today not many civilized persons choose to live, were to become in thirty years the one place in the world which they most prefer?

BRUCE BLIVEN.

(This is the second of a series of articles in which various writers will describe interesting American cities. The third will appear in the near future.)

Song

Wind blows over the heart,
But the heart is fast in the breast,
So only give a sigh after the wind,
A heart that is pinned to the wind
Turns in the side without rest.

Or if you will bear in mind,
The stream, and the swan gone,
Scattering from its cold plumage
the drops of the foam,
Then liken the heart rather
To the stream sailed of a swan.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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Washington Notes

BY the time this piece is printed, poor little South Dakota will be so trussed and tied up to the Coolidge chariot that I doubt very much if there will be so much as a wiggle out of her next spring, when the time comes to indicate her choice for the Republican presidential nomination. The way in which the noble Calvin has gone after his renomination tooth and toe-nail, out there in the Black Hills, has certainly been illuminating to those back here in Washington who can read between the lines of the Rapid City despatches and note the significance of the guests entertained at the Summer White House, and the unanimity with which, after leaving the presidential presence, they burst forth with enthusiastic eulogies of the Coolidge administration, voicing their belief that there is a country-wide demand for the continuance in the White House of the incumbent. Out there, the anti-third-term tradition is swept clear off the board.

The Rev. Peter Norbeck scurries about his state lining up his recently oiled machine and stimulating recipients of presidential favors to practical displays of gratitude. In between the renomination interviews from the office-holders and politicians, the press associations and special correspondents serve us with vivid descriptions of the "beaming and happy smile" worn by the President when he greets the correspondents, and tell us that all South Dakota has discovered that he is not "an austere and cold New Englander at all, but really a cordial and friendly individual, delighted at the hospitality of a splendid state." There are also charming stories of Rebecca the raccoon, of Prudence Prim, the prize collie, and of fish caught with worms, to suit certain critics, and with a fancy fly, to suit certain others. Altogether, it looks to me as if Mr. Coolidge were going to have about the pleasantest and most profitable vacation he has had in a long time. In addition, I am told, it is going to be much more inexpensive than his stay in the Adirondacks last year—that is, inexpensive for him, though the state of South Dakota, when it comes to figure up the cost in the fall, will not, I think, find it so. However, to the state and to its people it is worth all and more than it costs to "entertain the President." Look at the advertising they get. Look at the fun they have. Look at the boosts he ladles out.

And just as the summer is politically pleasant and profitable for Mr. Coolidge, it will correspondingly be disagreeable for the active and passive aspirants for his job in his own party. Neither Mr. Lowden nor Mr. Dawes can gain any headway this summer against the Black Hills publicity machine. They haven't any way of combating it, no facilities for offsetting the presidential publicity advantages, much less the presidential patronage power. All they can do this summer, so far as I can see, is sit and suffer. They can't even criticize effectively the open operation by the President of the federal machine, point out the obvious propaganda or the shrewd manipulation of the office-holders. The moment these things are mildly mentioned, the journalistic daily and weekly support of the President, which, as has been often pointed out, is of an extent and solidity never heretofore approached, at once choruses "How ridiculous," or "What an idea," or "Coolidgephobia," or some such other cogent and convincing argument. Borah and Jim Reed got jumped all over editorially for daring to criticize the Coolidge fishing technique, and the Democrats are too disheartened even to cheep. No, I think Messrs. Lowden and Dawes will have to wait for Congress to meet and the anti-third-term resolutions to appear and the good old farm-relief statesmen to get in action again.

On the Democratic side, McAdoo withdraws farther out of sight as a candidate, and the Smith boom appears to gain in momentum and size. It is difficult for me to see now how the Governor can be kept out of the nomination, but it is almost as difficult to see how he can be elected after the nomination. I admit that he will have a chance, and that his candidacy injects a certain amount of uncertainty into the campaign, but he will need a lot of luck—an awful lot of luck. The Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan, the anti-Catholic bigots, the big business interests, the Republican party and the press constitute a combination calculated to chill the most optimistic of observers and daunt the stoutest Democratic heart. It will take more than the indicated slacking up in prosperity and some very bad mistakes upon the part of the Coolidge managers to give Smith anything like an even break. So far as Mr. Coolidge is concerned, few mistakes are to be looked for. It is fairly hard to make mistakes, doing as little in the open as he does. The strategy of the administration managers is that the President is to be "drafted." The strategy of the President is to render the drafting as easy and as sure as possible.

Once again in Washington the rumor runs around among the publicists and politicians marooned here that William M. Butler, the distinguished statesman from Massachusetts upon whom the President leans so heavily, will next fall relinquish—reluctantly, of course—his position as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. The reason given is that Mr. Butler proposes again to be the Republican candidate for the Senate in his state, and obviously feels that he could not manage the national campaign for his eminent friend and do justice to his own at the same time. Having suffered one repulse in Massachusetts, Mr. Butler is not eager for another, and his popularity in the state is not such as to justify banking on it. His personal campaign will, he feels, need considerable personal attention. Most of the Republican politicians who come into contact with Chairman Butler will consider any reason an adequate one that will secure his removal. The interesting thing about the rumor is that once more the name of the amiable and astute C. Bascom Slemp is being mentioned as his successor. That Mr. Slemp would love the job goes without saying. He almost aches for it. To those who are surprised that, after the sort of personal treatment poor Mr. Slemp got from Mr. Coolidge during the time he served as private secretary to the President, and the hash then made of his aspirations, he should now be counted among the most earnest of the inside Coolidge managers, eager for a chance to serve again—all that can be said to these persons is that they do not know Mr. Slemp.

Washington. T. R. B.

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The Good Old Faces

WITHIN the last ten years, the whole science of biography has changed, or rather what was a plodding science has become an irresponsible art. The official biography, never very much alive, is completely dead; the biography of the kind usually described as "filling a long-felt want" is dying, and the biography for entertainment only is all to the fore. A new set of rules governs the game: your portrait of So-and-So must, above all, be amusing, it must fit into a frame, it must present in sharp focus a face minus all the ambiguous lines, shorn of all the debatable whiskers which in real life it possessed. Dates, facts, excerpts, letters, chronologies—omission of all these will be forgiven you, provided that what you choose to tell be relevant to a definite conception of the character—no matter what conception. The old American biographies, long forgotten and yellow at the edges, for the most part dreary and high-minded hope-chests into which everything concerning Mr. X. or Admiral Y. was faithfully laid away, are all being pulled from their shelves, raked over and boiled down, very cleverly, into brand-new little lifelets, pleasant, brightly colored, and often artificially flavored.

The old-fashioned historical novel, in which the skeleton was true and the details highly imaginary, has given way to the romantic biography, mainly true as to facts but deftly imaginary as to emphasis and proportion. The spirit of modern biographies approaches more and more that of the novel, and (since hardly anybody knows any history worth mentioning) suspense and happy endings are at least as useful here as they are in fiction. Reading M. Maurois' affectionate and graceful "Disraeli" the other day, it was not long before I noticed (in spite of vague recollections dating from George Arliss) how much my almost complete ignorance of English history was adding to the pleasure of reading. How was this fascinating novel going to come out? When would he come into power? When would the righteous villain, Gladstone, be finally defeated? Would Disraeli ever be married, and to whom?

This ignorance happily applies to American as well as to European subjects, and countless buried figures are being profitably resurrected. Indeed, at times, the speed with which these biographies are being turned out, and the quality of the finished product, reminds one of the rush into a new oil field. From every industrious, semi-talented driller, so many barrels of bubbling black oil, copious and valuable, but crude, crude. The material for American biography is wonderful, and has hardly been touched. Anyone can dive into a library, mark his quarry, slop together a bundle of notes, get published, and thereby prevent anyone else from doing the job as it ought to be done, for the next five or ten years. There are certain perennials, of course, Washington, Lincoln and Walt Whitman. But the lesser lights should really be reserved, like rare game, for those alone competent to handle them. An interesting character, once dead, belongs to the nation, and only licensed biographers, or those chosen by competition, should be allowed to hack away at them.

The more frivolous tendency of recent biography has had one excellent result: we have begun to realize that a person is worth writing about by no means only in proportion to his "importance." A great character, a masterpiece of natural individuality, deserves a biography even if he never made the slightest mark on his own times. The archives on this side of the Atlantic are full of such as these. The majority of them are, of course, now no more than an odd memory, or a queer turbulent old daguerreotype in a cracked frame, but there are others who ought to be rescued, and who can be. If the exploitation of the upper and more obvious layers goes on as at present, we shall soon reach the obscure oddities or, as seems more likely, the bulk of present biographies will go the way of last year's firecrackers, leaving room for a new batch of bright red squibs.

In the very first rank of queer people, Horace Greeley has a seat on the aisle. He seemed a solid figure, in his peculiar way, to his own times, but the solidity has vanished, leaving only the impression of a mixture of hysteria and energy, selflessness and gross self-caricature, not to be found anywhere else. Greeley is exactly the right game for the new biography. Miss Rourke, in "Trumpets of Jubilee" (Harcourt), whose method stands half-way between the new and the old, has given us a Greeley drawn with compact and sober brilliance. Perhaps her portrait would have lost something of its intense trivial tragedy if stretched to the length of a whole book. But Greeley deserves a whole book, and what Miss Rourke does for him is by far the best job in "Trumpets of Jubilee," whose other characters (the Beechers, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Barnum), suffer either from their own intractability or a certain heavy conscientiousness on the part of their biographer. Her Barnum adds a note lacking in Mr. Werner's more abundant and engrossing grab-bag—Barnum's geniality, his essential good nature. Perhaps Miss Rourke (one of the most intelligently loyal of recent biographers) respects her characters too much. At any rate, Greeley, who was least to be respected, shines out magnificently in this brief gallery.

There must be plenty of people even now alive as well worth putting into a book as Greeley, and for much the same reasons. If they are writers, they will eventually be written about by other writers. That is their chief reward. For biography is founded upon the letter, upon letters carefully written and carefully kept, and only literary people have learned these two habits, to their posthumous advantage. An occasional Barnum, to be sure, dictates a grandiloquent autobiography, upon which later books about him are easily founded. But the active Americans—who are, on the whole, vastly more interesting cusses than their writing and reading compatriots—are doomed to go down to obscurity and a silent corner in the trunk-room of history. For they did not write, or even contribute to the file cabinets of others; they spoke little, and revealed themselves, when they did, in a few golden words which have long ago been blown away around the corner of time. Only their faces remain, in anonymous old oils on the walls of damp old houses; in small black frames, side by side with the wild-eyed, the prim-mouthed wife; in smooth cabinet photographs, fifty dollars a dozen, with the wrinkles and the print of the small crab-claws of triumph or bankruptcy retouched away; in thirtieth reunion panoramas, with the smooth bald tops shining in the college sun . . .

And all these people, including their little Washingtons and their desk-size Lincolns, and the Greeleys of the cloth-

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ing world and the Beechers among druggists and the defeated Barnums behind grocery counters, will completely disappear. Even the great among them are doomed to be embalmed in official buckram coffins, with all their spoken words left out, and all the meaningless dollars and bridges and mergers and expansions put in. Henry Ford, for instance: a man several times exposed to public view through the capable offices of Mr. Samuel Crowther, who is a first-rate official biographer and mouthpiece. Part of the truth, a very extraordinary and romantic and curious collection of truth, is known, and more will be; but as large a part of the truth—all the things, acts and speeches which, added together, make a full-length portrait of the man—is lost, dispersed, forgotten, and can never be known.

It is not altogether irreplaceable. Take a good picture, six good pictures of Ford, or any other man about whom centers this problem of biography, and study it, listen to it, and sooner or later you will be aware of that particular, that individual truth about him which you can only half feel, and which can never be put into words.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Sexes

THE young man with the scenic cravat glanced nervously down the sofa at the girl in the fringed dress. She was examining her handkerchief; it might have been the first one of its kind she had seen, so deep was her interest in its material, form, and possibilities. The young man cleared his throat, without necessity or success, producing a small, syncopated noise.

"Want a cigarette?" he said.

"No, thank you," she said. "Thank you ever so much just the same."

"Sorry I've only got these kind," he said. "You got any of your own?"

"I really don't know," she said. "I probably have, thank you."

"Because if you haven't," he said, "it wouldn't take me a minute to go up to the corner and get you some."

"Oh, thank you, but I wouldn't have you go to all that trouble for anything," she said. "It's awfully sweet of you to think of it. Thank you ever so much."

"Will you for God's sakes stop thanking me?" he said.

"Really," she said, "I didn't know I was saying anything out of the way. I'm awfully sorry if I hurt your feelings. I know what it feels like to get your feelings hurt. I'm sure I didn't realize it was an insult to say 'thank you' to a person. I'm not exactly in the habit of having people swear at me because I say 'thank you' to them."

"I did not swear at you!" he said.

"Oh, you didn't?" she said. "I see."

"My God," he said, "all I said, I simply asked you if I couldn't go out and get you some cigarettes. Is there anything in that to get up in the air about?"

"Who's up in the air?" she said. "I'm sure I didn't know it was a criminal offense to say I wouldn't dream of giving you all that trouble. I'm afraid I must be awfully stupid, or something."

"Do you want me to go out and get you some cigarettes; or don't you?" he said.

"Goodness," she said, "if you want to go so much, please don't feel you have to stay here. I wouldn't have you feel you had to stay for anything."

"Ah, don't be that way, will you?" he said.

"Be what way?" she said. "I'm not being any way."

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Why, nothing," she said. "Why?"

"You've been funny all evening," he said. "Hardly said a word to me, ever since I came in."

"I'm terribly sorry you haven't been having a good time," she said. "For goodness' sakes, don't feel you have to stay here and be bored. I'm sure there are millions of places you could be having a lot more fun. The only thing, I'm a little bit sorry I didn't know before, that's all. When you said you were coming over tonight, I broke a lot of dates to go to the theater and everything. But it doesn't make a bit of difference. I'd much rather have you go and have a good time. It isn't very pleasant to sit here and feel you're boring a person to death."

"I'm not bored!" he said. "I don't want to go any place! Ah, honey, won't you tell me what's the matter? Ah, please."

"I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about," she said. "There isn't a thing on earth the matter. I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," he said. "There's something the trouble. Is it anything I've done, or anything?"

"Goodness," she said, "I'm sure it isn't any of my business, anything you do. I certainly wouldn't feel I had any right to criticize."

"Will you stop talking like that?" he said. "Will you, please?"

"Talking like what?" she said.

"You know," he said. "That's the way you were talking over the telephone today, too. You were so snotty when I called you up, I was afraid to talk to you."

"I beg your pardon," she said. "What did you say I was?"

"Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to say that. You get me so balled up."

"You see," she said. "I'm really not in the habit of hearing language like that. I've never had a thing like that said to me in my life."

"I told you I was sorry, didn't I?" he said. "Honest, honey, I didn't mean it. I don't know how I came to say a thing like that. Will you excuse me? Please?"

"Oh, certainly," she said. "Goodness, don't feel you have to apologize to me. It doesn't make any difference at all. It just seems a little bit funny to have somebody you were in the habit of thinking was a gentleman come to your home and use language like that to you, that's all. But it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference."

"I guess nothing I say makes any difference to you," he said. "You seem to be so sore at me."

"I'm sore at you?" she said. "I can't understand what put that idea in your head. Why should I be sore at you?"

"That's what I'm asking you," he said. "Won't you tell me what I've done? Have I done something to hurt your feelings, honey? The way you were, over the phone, you had me worried all day. I couldn't do a lick of work."

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"I certainly wouldn't like to feel," she said, "that I was interfering with your work. I know there are lots of girls that don't think anything of doing things like that, but I think it's terrible. It certainly isn't very nice to sit here and have some one tell you you interfere with his business."

"I didn't say that!" he said. "I didn't say it!"

"Oh, didn't you?" she said. "Well, that was the impression I got. It must be my stupidity."

"I guess maybe I better go," he said. "I can't get right. Everything I say seems to make you sorer and sorer. Would you rather I'd go?"

"Please do just exactly whatever you like," she said. "I'm sure the last thing I want to do is have you stay here when you'd rather be some place else. Why don't you go some place where you won't be bored? Why don't you go up to Florence Leaming's? I know she'd love to have you."

"I don't want to go up to Florence Leaming's!" he said. "What would I want to go up to Florence Leaming's for? She gives me a pain."

"Oh, really?" she said. "She didn't seem to be giving you so much of a pain at Elsie's party last night, I notice. I notice you couldn't even talk to anybody else, that's how much of a pain she gave you."

"Yeah, and you know why I was talking to her?" he said.

"Why, I suppose you think she's attractive," she said. "I suppose some people do. It's perfectly natural. Some people think she's quite pretty."

"I don't know whether she's pretty or not," he said. "I wouldn't know her if I saw her again. Why I was talking to her was you wouldn't even give me a tumble, last night. I came up and tried to talk to you, and you just said, 'Oh, how do you do'—just like that, 'Oh, how do you do'—and you turned right away and wouldn't look at me."

"I wouldn't look at you?" she said. "Oh, that's awfully funny. Oh, that's marvelous. You don't mind if I laugh, do you?"

"Go ahead and laugh your head off," he said. "But you wouldn't."

"Well, the minute you came in the room," she said, "you started making such a fuss over Florence Leaming I thought you never wanted to see anybody else. You two seemed to be having such a wonderful time together, goodness knows I wouldn't have butted in for anything."

"My God," he said, "this what's-her-name girl came up and began talking to me before I even saw anybody else, and what could I do? I couldn't sock her in the nose, could I?"

"I certainly didn't see you try," she said.

"You saw me try to talk to you, didn't you?" he said. "And what did you do? 'Oh, how do you do.' Then this what's-her-name came up again, and there I was, stuck. Florence Leaming! I think she's terrible. Know what I think of her? I think she's a damn little fool. That's what I think of her."

"Well, of course," she said, "that's the impression she always gave me, but I don't know. I've heard people say she's pretty. Honestly I have."

"Why, she can't be pretty in the same room with you," he said.

"She has got an awfully funny nose," she said. "I really feel sorry for a girl with a nose like that."

"She's got a terrible nose," he said. "You've got a beautiful nose. Gee, you've got a pretty nose."

"Oh, I have not," she said. "You're crazy."

"And beautiful eyes," he said, "and beautiful hair and a beautiful mouth. And beautiful hands. Let me have one of the little hands. Ah, look atta little hand! Who's got the prettiest hands in the world? Who's the sweetest girl in the world?"

"I don't know," she said. "Who?"

"You don't know!" he said. "You do so, too, know."

"I do not," she said. "Who? Florence Leaming?"

"Oh, Florence Leaming, my eye!" he said. "Getting sore about Florence Leaming! And me not sleeping all last night and not doing a stroke of work all day because you wouldn't speak to me! A girl like you getting sore about a girl like Florence Leaming!"

"I think you're just perfectly crazy," she said. "I was not sore! What on earth ever made you think I was? You're simply crazy. Ow, my hair-net! Wait a second till I take it off. There!"

DOROTHY PARKER.

The Bandwagon

ALSO AS A FLYER

Lindbergh conquered the air as a Freemason, an American and a Protestant.

—*National Fraternal Weekly.*

MORE OR LESS

Grand Rapids turns out more artistic and beautiful furniture every day than Duncan Phyfe, Sheraton or any of those pioneer designers ever dreamed of.

—*Liberty.*

AT LAST, THE PERFECT CITIZEN

Addressed to the "Department of Domestic Affairs," a letter from Chicago has finally reached the office of the District of Columbia Board of Commissioners. "I am a young man and am about to be married," the writer confesses. "Would you be kind enough to send me any literature in regard to ideals which the government advocates toward marriage and the size of the family the government wants one to have?"

—*Associated Press.*

THE HARTFORD COURANT COMPARES JUSTICE IN MASSACHUSETTS WITH JUSTICE IN MOSCOW

It is time for those self-styled liberals who have been bewailing the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti and the conviction of Miss Whitney to direct a few of their pleas for fair trials, fair convictions and fair executions of fair sentences to the Soviet oligarchs. It is time, but they won't do it. We may be sure of that.

—*Hartford Courant.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Flatheads and Water Power

SIR: For historical interest and future utility, it is hoped that you will print the following concerning the attempted Flathead Indian water-power outrage.

Six days before the last Congress adjourned, urgent deficiency legislation was transmitted, bearing the endorsement of the Secretary of the Interior, the Budget Director and the President. Hidden within the relatively inconsequential financial provisions were two jokers, each of which was general legislation amending the Federal Water Power Act of 1920. The House immediately passed the legislation, without a question asked. After a struggle, the Senate's Appropriation Committee struck out the amendment from the second urgent deficiency bill, and no attempt to restore it could be made, because the deficiency bill never reached a vote. Hence the issue awaits determination in the forthcoming Congress.

The Montana Flathead water power is 158,000 horse-power. It belongs to this Indian tribe, and, like all Indian water powers, it is now safeguarded by the terms of the Federal Power Act. If leased, it must be leased by the Federal Power Commission. All earnings, under the terms of the Federal Power Act, go to the Indians.

The urgent deficiency jokers transferred to the Secretary of the Interior the discretion to lease the Flathead power. They provided for a division of earnings between the Indians and the white citizens owning lands which formerly belonged to the Flathead tribe. Initiated by the Interior Department, this attempt against Indian ownership and against conservation almost exactly coincided with the victory of friends of the Indians, after a full year's struggle, in the effort to prevent the confiscation of Indian oil royalties. While signing the Indian Oil Bill permanently safeguarding the Indian claim of ownership to the presidential reservations, and their ownership to the oil and gas products, the President was sending to Congress, in the guise of urgent deficiency legislation, this Flathead power proposal, entailing the instant confiscation of a water power value exceeding the known oil values of all the presidential order Indian reservations.

The issue now goes to the next Congress. But shall the Budget Director and the President be allowed wholly to escape censure, for having acted, whether knowingly or as unconscious tools, in a project violative of national contracts as well as of obvious public policy—this scheme for mutilating by jokers in an urgent deficiency bill one of the most important conservation laws on our books, the Federal Water Power Act?

The circumstance that the Federal Power Commission was willing to stand by while the Power Act was being mutilated and its own discretion transferred to the Secretary of the Interior does but increase the significance of the incident. The administration as a whole was involved in what must be called a plot, unless irresponsibility and ignorance be assumed in place of deliberate intent.

JOHN COLLIER.

Washington, D. C.

[Before publishing this letter, the New Republic offered to the Secretary of the Interior an opportunity to reply to it, which was declined.—THE EDITORS.]

Few Die: None Resign

SIR: You and your readers may be interested to know that the Michigan Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution has appointed its committees for the coming year, and that on the Committee on Public Welfare and Defense are Truman H. Newberry and Edwin Denby, and on the Committee on Americanization and Patriotic Education is Charles Beecher Warren.

RUSSELL MACCLINCHY.

Detroit, Michigan.

Race and Culture

SIR: In a review of Pittard's "Race and History," published in a recent issue of the New Republic, Mr. Malinowski gives evidence of believing that bodily traits which are racial in origin can be correlated positively with mental or cultural expressions. He asks the question in how far "the intensity and quality of culture depend on certain bodily factors and in what manner," and somewhat later pronounces that "it must be emphatically repeated that no classification of human varieties will have any value until this classification can be correlated with the cultural effectiveness of race."

The concept, "cultural effectiveness of race," is truly as confused as Mr. Malinowski imagines the definition of race to be. Presumably it must refer to some racial mental aptitude influencing the aspects of a people's culture, and so contains the balm of patriot and poet that race has its cultural consequences. The fallacy of this notion lies in the fact that such hereditary mental aptitudes as might conceivably be shown to influence culture are not racial in character but genotypical. The variability of genotypical lines in any race is so extensive that a given mental trait of particular cultural significance might be expected to be found in any one of a number of races. This evidence from the study of family-strains composing races is corroborated by the complete discrepancy between distributions of racial types and cultural features. Or, if we turn to studies of constitution and temperament, which also follow the pattern of conjuring the racial radical, the psychological and bodily types defined are revealed by statistical criticisms to be matters of family-strain and of entirely negative racial correlation.

At least one value which the classification of human varieties has yielded is the illuminating negation of interdependence of racial type and culture from any point of view. To assume that such a relation exists in spite of the evidence is entirely arbitrary and of no theoretical value. ELEANOR M. PHELPS.

New York City.

Lindbergh—A Relief

SIR: The diagnosis of the Lindbergh craze as a "super-explosion of publicity," which I have just read in your paper, seems just. But what caused the explosion? Explosions are due to the release of pent-up forces—the sudden conversion of potential into kinetic energy. The cause of the release is always an interesting object of inquiry.

Apparently the citizens of various civilized countries had been accumulating feeling on some object connected with this occurrence until it was ready to burst forth upon the first suitable occasion, whatever that might be. It happened to be Lindbergh's flight.

I believe it probable that this pent-up feeling was largely connected with distaste and indignation, possibly unconscious, for methods and manner of achievement increasingly common in all countries. Whatever has been done lately, no matter what its value or lack of value to the community, seems to have been done with an ulterior motive, and to be connected in some way with self-seeking, or commercial exploitation, or propaganda—often legitimate, even praiseworthy, perhaps. Add to this the flood of newspaper narrative about unworthy or disgusting themes—hold-ups, murders, divorces, etc.—and one may easily conceive the public mind in such a state of tension that any outstanding achievement characterized by honesty, straightforwardness and simplicity acted upon it like the opening of a valve, and released a tumultuous outpouring of enthusiasm and admiration, related not so much to one particular feat, as to its type—a type quite opposed to most of the things we have been seeing and hearing about lately.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK.

St. Louis, Missouri.

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A French Revisionist

A Frenchman Looks at the Peace, by Alcide Ebray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 263 pages. $4.

ONE gleam of hope in the darkness which has brooded over the world since 1914 is afforded by the intellectual effort in various countries involved in the catastrophe to survey their action in the light of reason, and assess their responsibility. In states which suffered defeat and revolution, it is not surprising that the new governments should publish the documents which reflect on their predecessors. Indeed, the danger is that these documents will be mutilated and garbled, as was done by the Eisner regime in Bavaria, in order to make the case blacker than it is. In countries in which the government has been strengthened by victory, there is naturally a disposition to maintain, as long as possible, the fiction of blameless heroism. In these countries, however, private individuals have come forward with fortitude and magnanimity to defend the truth against national pride and self-interest. This is especially true of France. The respect for truth and justice, for intellectual integrity, which found exemplification in the Dreyfus struggle, is apparent again in the work of Pevet, Louis and Morhardt. Under the rays of their burning-glass, the reputations of the makers and apologists for the War and the Peace, Poincaré, Clemenceau, Tardieu, shrivel like those of Esterhazy, Boisdeffre and Paty du Clam.

The latest of these candidates for truth is M. Alcide Ebray, who, briefly but more comprehensively than his predecessors, sums up the entire case against France. His book falls into three divisions. He first discusses the responsibility for the War; second, the making of the Treaty; third, the application of the Treaty. Under the first head, M. Ebray passes over ground which has been made familiar to American readers by recent controversy. His conclusions may be briefly summarized. The underlying cause of war on the part of France was the loss of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, as to which M. Ebray concludes "that France did not want a war of revenge, but that she allowed and even compelled people to think that she wanted one, and that the result was the same as if she had really wanted war." The immediate cause of war, so far as France was concerned, was the policy of M. Poincaré, which he sustained as foreign minister in connection with Sazonov and Izvolsky, and carried as president to St. Petersburg itself in the weeks of tension following the Sarajevo murders. M. Ebray refers to Poincaré's shuffling and evasive attempts to escape from the damning implications of the Russian documents, attempts rendered futile by the witness of his own ambassador, M. Paléologue, and concludes: "Does all this prove that M. Poincaré desired and 'willed' war? There is no proof of that, and he alone in his inmost heart knows the answer to that question. But there is every reason to believe that his policy before the War helped to create the situation out of which war came."

In discussing the beginning of negotiations for peace, M. Ebray emphasizes the fact that Germany's agreement to the Armistice was based on the terms laid down by Wilson in his fourteen points and subsequent elucidation of them. These had the force of a preliminary treaty, and relying on the good faith of her foes, Germany laid herself helpless in their hands by the Armistice of November 11. He disposes of Tardieu's assertion that the Armistice was an unconditional capitulation on Germany's part; and of Poincaré's, that, "by the magnanimity of the Allies, the remnants of the German armies were saved from total destruction." On the one hand, communications among the Entente leaders show that they were fearful lest they should make the terms of the Armistice too onerous for Germany to accept; and on the other, communications among the German leaders show that, although they had given up hope of a military victory, they did not regard themselves as helpless to fight on for such a peace as Wilson had offered and, with the explicit assent of the Allies, had confirmed.

As to the Treaty of Versailles, M. Ebray has one inclusive question. "What should one say of a belligerent who in such a situation, having disarmed his enemy by means of a promise of definite conditions of peace, proceeded to profit by the enemy's powerlessness and inability to defend himself, to impose on him terms of an infinitely harsher and ruinous character?" He proceeds to enumerate the chief discrepancies between the preliminary treaty of peace recognized by the pre-Armistice agreement, and the final draft of the Treaty of Versailles. In the first place, the assurance of open covenants openly arrived at was ignored. Then Germany was excluded from the League of Nations. German lands on the Rhine and in the Saar Valley, and, in the east, Memel and Dantzig, were alienated in defiance of the promise that "every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states." The same solemn promise of self-determination was violated in another way by the veto of the proposal of the National Constituent Assembly of Austria, unanimously passed, to unite with Germany. The Fourth Point declaring for a general disarmament was enforced against Germany alone; and reparations, explicitly limited in the pre-Armistice agreement to "all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies," were extended, by including pensions, to a preposterous figure. The seizure of German private property to make good the losses of the Allies, M. Ebray notes as a violation of a generally recognized principle of international law. Finally, the continuance of the blockade against Germany to starve her into the acceptance of a document widely at variance with the preliminary treaty was illegal, as the United States State Department had repeatedly shown in the early days of the War, and was, besides, a measure of such flagrant inhumanity that words literally fail one to characterize it.

The next section of the book, which describes the violations of the Versailles Treaty by the Allies, is the most striking, and, to Americans, whose attention has wandered from European affairs since the rejection of the Treaty by the Senate, most useful. The conspicuous violations were those perpetrated by France along the Rhine, in connection with "the very definite intention of detaching the Rhineland from Germany." First, the occupation of Ruhrort, Duisburg, and Düsseldorf in 1921, was admitted by the minister responsible for it, none other than M. Briand, to be the taking of "sanctions which are not in the Treaty." The occupation of the Ruhr in 1923 was a violation of the Treaty, as was that of the right bank of the Rhine between the bridgeheads of Cologne and Coblenz, and those of Coblenz and Mainz. The defense of these military invasions by Poincaré, under the vague clause of Annex II, Article 18, which mentions "financial prohibitions and reprisals and in general such other measures as the respective governments may determine to be necessary," is altogether specious. The Annex has to do with the functions of the Reparations Commission, which has the right to interpret the Treaty, acting unanimously. It was not unanimous in justifying the invasion of the Ruhr as a reprisal contem-

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plated by the Treaty. The American observer, Mr. Boyden, declared it "a violation of the Treaty, not only in the spirit but in the letter." M. Ebray concludes: "From this point it was no longer possible to have any doubt of the character of the policy which this government was determined to pursue in regard to Germany—a policy of faithlessness and lawlessness, absolutely arbitrary, absolutely unrestrained in its violence." Altogether, in view of the cynicism and brutality with which the betrayal of Germany was accomplished, and the magnitude of the results of that betrayal, M. Ebray makes a fair case for himself in entitling it "the greatest crime in history."

Granting the disinterestedness and courage which M. Ebray shows in writing thus severely of the part which his own country has played in recent history, it may be asked what value his book has for Americans. First, Americans need to be undeceived in regard to the War and their part in it, if they are to exercise any helpful influence toward a real peace. Far less than in Europe has this process taken place on this side of the water. Although the Wilson description of the War is quoted only for laughter, it is still the prevailing opinion that there was an absolute right and wrong involved. Second, Americans need to be reminded in detail of the discrepancies between the Treaty of Versailles and the preliminary treaty of peace which Germany accepted through Wilson's dishonest brokerage. Here again, public information lags far behind that in the Allied countries. Even Americans who recognize the fact baldly stated by Mr. Arthur Henderson that "the Treaty was undoubtedly opposed to the principles of the pre-Armistice agreement upon which Germany grounded her arms" are inclined to feel, in consequence of their belief that Germany was the chief criminal, that she deserved to be treated as God bade the Jews treat the Canaanites. Even those who abhor the Treaty are of the opinion that Wilson fought to the utmost at Paris for the principles he had led his countrymen into the War to die for, and that his yielding to force was condoned by the subsequent refusal of the Senate to ratify the Treaty. The fact that what we term intelligent opinion can include both Wilson and the bitter-enders as contributing to the salvage of American honor shows the lack of any real thought on the subject.

Our *amour propre* is concerned in believing the War in which we fought a righteous one and the victory in which we participated an unsullied one. Our leading historians have done admirable work in studying the original responsibilities for the War and in demanding a revision of the Treaty of Versailles in its condemnation of Germany's sole guilt. What is needed is the same careful scrutiny of the course pursued by this country during its so-called neutrality, and the forces which directed that course until our entrance into the War was inevitable. Above all is needed a precise understanding of the part taken by representatives of this country in framing the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. That these experts were responsible for some of the most flagrant violations of the preliminary peace treaty, we know through their own naïve boasting; but, instead of being ashamed, we are gratified by this evidence of our national importance, and blissfully innocent of any further concern with the arrangements which they used our authority to impose. In short, we need to undergo that deflation of national pride to which Germany and Great Britain have submitted by force of circumstances, and which France is approaching by the operation of such criticism as M. Ebray's. His book is needed in the United States as a reminder and an example.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Five French Novels

The Peat-Cutters, by Alphonse de Chateaubriant. Translated by F. Mabel Robinson. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press. $2.50.

Bella, by Jean Giraudoux. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

East India and Company, by Paul Morand. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

Ariane, by Claude Anet. Translated by Guy Chapman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The Poilus, by Joseph Delteil. Translated by Jacques Leclercq. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

THREE of these books are novels; one is a collection of short stories; the fifth is "an epic history of the great war." All are by writers widely known and highly regarded—in mutually antagonistic quarters—in France. Had five fictions, picked at random, been sent out of France in this wise a quarter of a century ago, some unity might have been discernible in them, even if, among the older five, we had found a lush volume of Pierre Loti. Here, on the contrary, there is no unity of matter, of manner, of temperament, or point of view. Where it might once have been possible, with five volumes on one's table, to write a little essay "on the contemporary French novel," showing the kinship of the writers and their relation to their elders, one has now to shrug one's shoulders and treat each author as a separate phenomenon. How Mr. Howells would have been bewildered!

We may begin with the eldest, M. Alphonse de Chateaubriant. Not that he is old; I judge him to be midway into his forties, and thus only a few years the senior of M. Giraudoux. But he is old-fashioned; he is deliberate; he gives years to his compositions. Was it ten or twelve years of silence that separated his "M. des Lourdines," which won the Goncourt Prize, from "La Brière" ("The Peat-Cutters") that was awarded the *Grand Prix du Roman* of the French Academy in 1923? This "Peat-Cutters" has been made into a film in France, into one of those unending sepia films that tell a dismal story of stubborn pride and the Lord's vengeance. Its scene, la Brière, is a collection of *communes* scattered through a great marsh. Its hero, Aoustin, is tall, Herculean, terrible, tyrannical. Its intrigue is double: one, a search for a royal deed granted by a sixteenth-century Duchess to the inhabitants of the marsh; and two, Aoustin's objection to his daughter's lover, who is a furriner, i. e., not one of the marsh people. Its language is: "Eh, well, if tha' dost not believe me tha'st only to learn it from others!" Bound to awe and impress a great many readers who love stories of "elemental passions."

With M. Giraudoux's "Bella" we emerge into the light, but into a light so dazzling that we cannot endure it for long. M. Giraudoux is most properly a case. He has one of the finest talents, one of the brightest wits, in France. And he is a bore. It is impossible to read him for twenty minutes without gasps of admiration and delight. He scintillates and effervesces, and he bounds like a gazelle; for twenty minutes we worship him; he continues thereafter just as fresh and sparkling as before, but somehow he has worn us out, and in the midst of his most daring and brilliant verbal tricks, we reach for our hats. In "Bella" he tells, in his fashion, a romantic story of the rivalry between the great Berthelot family and the great Poincaré family, the first here presented as les Dubardeau and the second as les Rebendart. A young Dubardeau is the lover of Rebendart's daughter-in-law. For love of her young

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man, Bella Rebendart burns certain papers that would incriminate the elder Dubardeau, and dies of a burst artery. There is everything in this love-story but heart and passion. The Berthelot-Dubardeau, by the way, come off very well; the Rebendart-Poincaré are flagellated and vilified. M. Giraudoux is still in the foreign office; M. Poincaré is once more President of the Council of Ministers.

And M. Giraudoux's until-recently brilliant colleague, M. Morand! Until-recently colleague, I mean, of course, for Morand will ever glow with brilliance. There is no getting away from it. However one may deplore his lack of *sérieux;* however one may sigh for more "Tendres Stocks" and fewer "Nights" (for *"le charmant Morand, l'auteur délicieux de 'Clarisse,'"* as Proust makes Charlus call him), Morand remains the most delicious Scheherazade of our day. Nobody can tell a story with the grace, the suavity, the gurgling laughter, and the complete amorality of Morand. He is an artist practising a craft *de luxe,* and only occasionally do I regret that, like a radiant dressmaker, he practises it in a shop.

M. Claude Anet. What a curious name! It exists already in literature. The steward and lover of Mme. Warens (cf. Rousseau's "Confessions") was called Claude Anet, but he was a taciturn peasant, while our author is, like Morand and Giraudoux, a traveler and man of letters. M. Anet has been much in Russia, in Persia, and elsewhere in the Mohammedan East. From Persia he brought back his charming "Feuilles Persanes"; from Russia, "Ariane, Jeune Fille Russe." "Its theme," says M. Anet in an excessively long, suave, and pretentious preface, "is love only." Heaven knows, this ought to be theme enough. But what M. Anet goes on to explain is that we are not to look for a study of Russian life, nor even for the portrayal of a struggle between love and duty or society, in his novel. He has been forced, nevertheless, to write something other than simply a love-story, for he has given us in the first third of his novel the character of Ariane. Only thereafter are we treated to the liaison with Constantin. To "Ariane," as a story, I see no objection. It is deftly done, it moves swiftly, is easy to read, and has the merit of what Paul Bourget calls credibility. But to the obliquely insinuated thesis (a proper Mediterranean thesis) that love is perfect only when a man has succeeded in dominating the personality of the beloved, I see every objection. And I am not a feminist.

What is to be done about M. Delteil? He writes like a wild bull of the pampas. He brings up giants from the depths of the earth and couples them with constellations which he tears audaciously out of the skies. This quiet, timid, horse-faced young man from Perpignan, whose accent has a rich comicality all its own, finds a Freudian (is it?) compensation in writing furiously about blood and hyenas and behemoths in rut. He said the other day that he adored Victor Hugo. Is this French measure? clarity? light? One remembers what Gide replied when he was asked who was France's greatest poet: *"Hugo, hélas!"* Except for his "Joan of Arc," which contained some admirable pages, M. Delteil seems to me never to have done anything so good as his first novel, "Sur le Fleuve Amour." He can no longer write without apostrophizing. Every sentence ends with an exclamation point. This constant pistol shooting is a little disconcerting. It takes one's mind from Delteil's real gifts—his gorgeous picture-painting, his sonorous vocabulary, the color and rumble of his paragraphs, the visions he sees, truly mystical in their combination of realism and fancy. As an "epic" of the War, "The Poilus" is agreeable, but silly. As a series of impressionistic tableaux, the reader will find it diverting enough.

A word about the translations. That of the Chateaubriant novel is a dreary, difficult job well done. The Giraudoux is superb, after the first few pages, and aside from one error (shop windows for glass cabinets). The Morand, while no bar to the enjoyment of the casual reader, is actually a stupidly careless piece: careless of English, indifferent to accuracy as concerns the French, and grotesque in its disregard for the spelling and significance of Chinese place-names. Here is a specimen sentence:

> Of all the steamer lines that cross the Pacific Ocean, but traveling more often for business than for pleasure, I prefer the ones that take the shortest route.

Mr. Chapman has done a smooth, workmanlike job with "Ariane," "despite the fact that he is an Englishman," as the British reviewers say. M. Leclercq's "Poilus" comes off very well, although he could not have hoped to carry over the savor of Delteil's personal idiom.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE.

Down the Ages with the Socialists

History of Socialist Thought, by Harry W. Laidler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 600 pages. $3.50.

LONG ago, Karl Marx prefaced his "Capital" with a remark to the effect that he had found Hegel standing on his head and had proceeded to turn him right side up. To put the business baldly, Hegel thought that the eternal antitheses of the world sprang from the ideas of Almighty God, while Marx came to the conclusion that their origins were nearer the earth, in the struggle for the good things of life. But somewhat later, Engels, in passing from history to prophecy, in forecasting the day of socialist triumph, gave us a picture of Marx and himself standing on their heads: after the red morning, mankind, long the victim of material forces, would become victorious over matter, emancipate itself, and substitute the reign of intelligence for the reign of force. Now Mr. Laidler proposes to do to Marx and Engels what they did to Hegel, namely, turn them upside down and put them on their legs. For he tells us that each school of socialist thought "has had its origin . . . in political, economic, and psychical conditions of the period, and each has undergone an evolutionary process, making it at times almost indistinguishable from the school which it started out originally to oppose." In short, he is brutal enough to suggest that socialists are not gods, but mortals subject to the same conditioning forces that determine the ends and destinies of other schools, yea, even the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

This history of socialist thought opens with the Hebrew prophets, among whom Amos (if he ever lived) was a mighty man. These warning spirits are not included here because they anticipated Marx's Increasing-Misery Theory, or foresaw the work of M. Trotsky, another of their countrymen, operating at the seat of the once magnificent Romanoffs. No; Laidler puts them among the forerunners because they banged the bourgeois and other possessors of he-goats and she-asses in times of old. And it must be admitted that they did a good job. As Bruce Barton might say, "Their English style was simply superb." After the prophets come Christ and the early Christians. Laidler does not make Jesus a socialist, but he hints that the Car-

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penter of Nazareth entertained ideas not commonly cherished by the money-changers and the brokers of the Augustan age. Perhaps our author is to be criticized a bit for passing over so lightly the communistic teachings of many who took up the Cross in those distant days. After the Hebrews come the Greeks—a chapter on Plato's "Republic." Then a run through Rome and the Middle Ages, or rather, a hop, skip, and a jump, followed by more than a hundred pages on Sir Thomas More, Bacon, and all the European utopians, down to the passing of Robert Owen, with an *Anhang* on Morris and Wells.

On page 149, we encounter the redoubtable Karl, and plow through the old, old song of Marxism, revisionism, counterblast, and replication, *ad infinitum*. The Fabians get sixty-odd pages, the evolution of German social democracy, about seventy pages, syndicalism, about forty, and guild socialism, the same amount. Bang! The World War and the uprising of the proletariat at Petrograd. More than one hundred pages on Russian communism and the storm it raised, followed by one hundred and thirty pages on recent socialism in other countries, post-war socialist speculation, the coöperative movement, and miscellanies. With excellent bibliographies of English works.

While it is not to be expected that this volume will please all the faithful and their various armies of critics (any more than a treatise on Job by a skeptical French abbé would please a Free-will Baptist from Tennessee) it is a useful and timely book, conceived in the spirit of sympathetic fairness, and executed with a good deal of academic calm. No doubt, the heathen will soon begin to rage, and to point out this and that which ought to be modified or struck out.

The only criticism which I have to make is a fundamental one: it is a pity that Mr. Laidler was jockeyed into casting his work into the form of a textbook, with two, three, four, and sometimes five black-letter captions on a page, with all the deadly formalism inherent in that kind of a job. Mr. Laidler's style, while good and clear, is seldom juicy, and not often exalted when given a free range, and textbook limitations hamper and hobble him at every turn. Moreover, the requirements (supposed) of that type of intellectual endeavor compel him to put in a lot of things that could well be spared. But he is not to be blamed for this.

The textbook evil is the great American academic disease, and, in the opinion of the present grumbler, the source of a great deal of our imaginative sterility and general intellectual mediocrity. It is all very well to put black-letter heads, italics, numbered paragraphs, and other crutches for the lame, blind, and halt into books for children in the grades. But we are not content with this; we insist on giving college students black-letter aids for imbeciles until they reach the age of thirty and receive their doctorates. It is worse than a disease; it is a crime, an offense against style, intelligence, spiritual vigor. As a result, we turn out a great army of "educated" persons who have never read a book, have merely tried to chew desiccated hay packed between sign-posts. Grand conclusion: a huge host of people whose intellectual range is just equal to the captions of the tabloids, who cannot think, who do not know or care for our noble mother tongue, who cannot use it, who have received and deserve the title of morons. This is no criticism of Mr. Laidler. It is a round, general damnation for pedants, among whom the present reviewer must be reckoned as one—offenders against the intelligence of the American people.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Negro Problem

The American Race Problem, A Study of the Negro, by E. B. Reuter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 448 pages. $2.75.

BOOKS that begin with a problem usually end with a program. The book about the American Negro which does not propose a solution of the race problem is, to say the least, unusual. This is such a book.

The race problem in America has been conceived hitherto not so much as a problem as an issue. Discussions of the so-called problem have treated it as a suit in equity, in process of adjudication. Writers have been, as a rule, attorneys either for the complainant or for the defendant. The author of the present volume has defined his task in other terms. It is no part of his purpose to seek a solution of a problem for which, as he says, "In the very nature of the case, there is no solution." The thing, as he conceives it, is something different, and a good deal more baffling. We know by this time what we want to do about the Negro; what, as reasonable beings, we are bound to do. The real question is, human nature being what it is, how can we do it?

Looked at disinterestedly and in its historical perspective, the career of the Negro in America is a unique and profoundly interesting episode. "Aside from any political reform interest," as Dr. Reuter says, "the Negro in America offers one of the best and one of the most neglected opportunities for the scientific study of any group in the modern world." This is true in part because there are, among men and women of Negro stock, those who have not merely assimilated our culture, but have made important contributions to it. There are, on the other hand, or were a few years ago, Negroes whose memories go back to Africa, and who still speak an African language. The changes which are taking place in the life of the Negro today throw a vivid light on the whole cultural process as it is taking place under modern conditions of communication in other parts of the world. It is this fact that makes the Negro a significant object of study.

But before it is possible to look at the career of the Negro in its proper perspective; before we can hope to learn what has happened to the race in the past, and what is destined to happen in the future, it is necessary to achieve a point of view in which this life can be looked at disinterestedly. Most of what has been written about the Negro, and more that is current in our oral tradition, is based not only upon a misconception of the relation of culture, but upon a false interpretation of the facts about the Negro himself. What Dr. Reuter has attempted in this volume is to review the current literature on the race problem, and subject it to a cleansing criticism. There is no aspect of Negro life, so far as it is presented in the vast literature of the subject, that he has not touched, and no region of the Negro life to which his criticism has penetrated, that he has not illuminated. It is a salutary work of renovation which this volume has undertaken, and a necessary preliminary to further and more serious study of the subject.

The most striking recent trend of Negro life is indicated by the growth of Negro race consciousness; the disposition of the Negro to develop what Dr. Reuter describes as "a Negro nationality." This means, among other things, that the Negro has begun to write. There is a growing racial literature, based upon the Negro's unique racial experience. It is the author's conviction that this movement has tended to emphasize the present racial and cultural isolation of the Negro and, so far as this is true, the effect has been to the

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disadvantage of both peoples. This is, in fact, the very crux of the race problem. As long as the Negro remains a racial minority set off and segregated by racial marks that distinguish him from the rest of the community, he is likely to be an object of racial sentiment which tends to reinforce his isolation. It is a vicious circle; racial prejudice enforces racial isolation, and racial isolation reinforces racial prejudice.

The question is whether the Negro, through the medium of a peculiar racial culture, and particularly through a literature which gives full and free expression to his racial experience, is not, after all, creating the most effective means of breaking through and breaking down the prejudices which must shut him out from the common life and understanding of the people of whom he has already become an integral part.

ROBERT E. PARK.

Life, Character, and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, by John Joseph Mangan. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two vols. 831 pages. $10.

THE title of Dr. Mangan's ambitious account of Erasmus exhibits its range: more cannot be said, however, than that the biography belongs to the traditional school which builds its competence upon a reverence for facts. The two volumes are minutely, extensively documented; but the order of arrangement, which is simple chronology broken here and there by short essays in parochial morality, reduces the biography to a commentary upon the valuable bibliography at the end. We are told that Erasmus was ungrateful to his patrons, or that he was ambitious, or occasionally generous, or envious—which is neither here nor there. To write the life of Erasmus, the critic must be the master of the scholastic philosophy and of rationalism since Descartes. Dr. Mangan has given us a biography of mere personality, without the brilliance and charm of those moderns who more intelligently exploit that quality.

A. T.

Contributors

HAROLD J. LASKI is a member of the faculty of the University of London, and the author of "Authority in the Modern State."

THE REV. HARRY F. WARD is a professor at the Union Theological Seminary and a member of the Methodist Social Service Commission. He is president of the American Civil Liberties Union.

W. H. DAVIES, English poet, is the author of "The Hour of Magic," "Beggars," "The True Traveler," "Nature," and "A Poet's Pilgrimage."

LÉONIE ADAMS is the author of a book of poems, "Those Not Elect."

DOROTHY PARKER was formerly dramatic critic for Vanity Fair. She was the author, with Elmer Rice, of a play, "Close Harmony." Her book of poems, "Enough Rope," has recently been published.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE, critic and translator, has lived a number of years in France, and contributes to magazines both here and abroad.

CHARLES A. BEARD is the author of several books on government and politics, and, with Mary R. Beard, of "The Rise of American Civilization."

ROBERT E. PARK is a social psychologist who has devoted a number of years to educational work among Negroes in the South. He is now professor of sociology at the University of Chicago. Among his books are: "The Immigrant Press and Its Control," and "The City."

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